

THE
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
OF
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators ;

Printed Complete from the best Editions of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Tenth.

CONTAINING

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ROMEO and JULIET.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

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M DCC LXXXVI.

THE
BRITISH MUSEUM



BRITISH MUSEUM
LONDON
W.C.2



Act 2

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Scene 1



Bamberg del.

Woodman sculp.

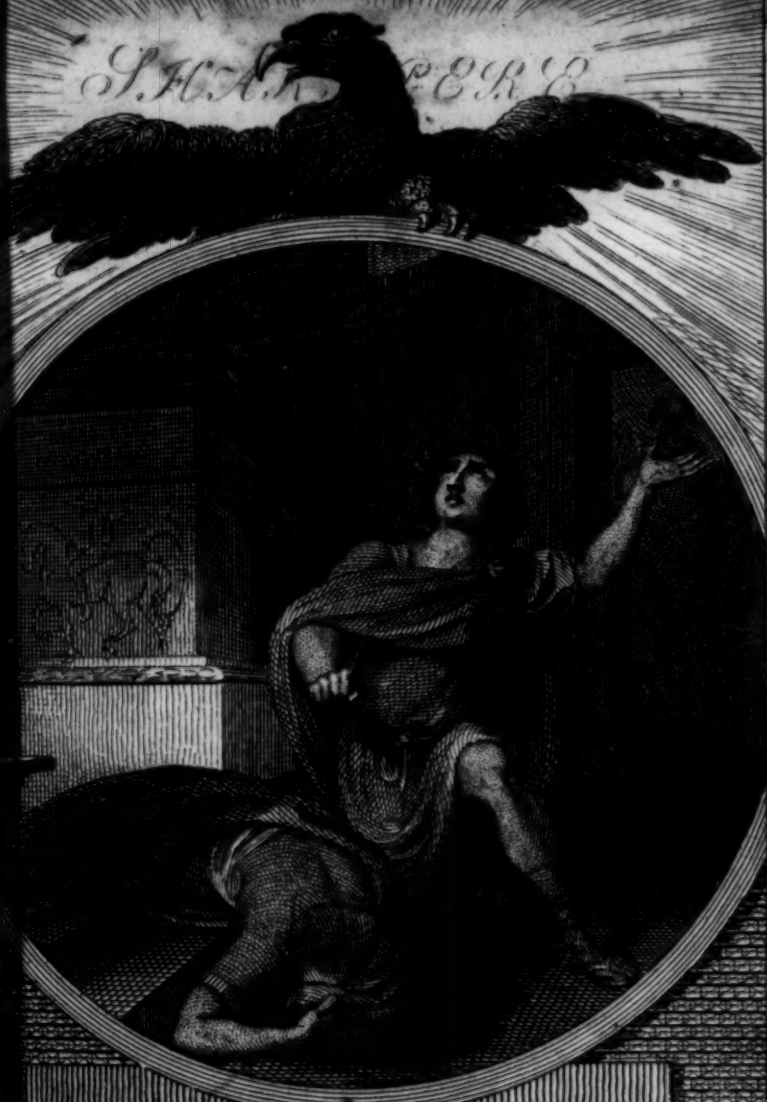
M^{rs} WARD in PORTIA.

Dear my Lord,

Make me acquainted with your Cause of Grief.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o 5, Catherine Street, Strand, Mar. 14. 1807.

S. A. A. P. E. R. E.



JULIUS CAESAR.

*And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell.*

W. A. S. S.



JULIUS CÆSAR,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed complete from the Text of

SAM. JOHNSON AND GEO. STEEVENS,

AND REVISED FROM THE LAST EDITIONS.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN CAWTHORN,

5, Catherine-Street, Strand,

BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS
OF WALES.

1818.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Julius Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar,

M. Antonius,

M. Æmil. Lepidus,

} *Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius Cæsar.*

Cicero,

Publius,

Popilius Lena,

} *Senators.*

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Flavius,

Marullus,

} *Tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

Cinna, *a Poet; Another Poet.*

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, and Volumnius,
Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius, *Servants to Brutus.*

Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

WOMEN.

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene, *for the three first Acts, at Rome: afterwards at an Island near Mutina; at Sardis; and near Philippi.*

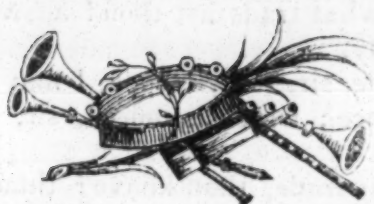
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JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street. Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.

Flavius.

HENCE ; home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession ?——Speak, what trade art
thou ?

Car. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?——
You, sir ; what trade are you ?

Cob. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. 11

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: Yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow? 20

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou!

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph. 33

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? what conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You



You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, 40
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in his concave shores ?

And do you now put on your best attire ? 50

And do you now cull out a holiday ?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone ;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream 61
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*

See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd,
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
This way will I : Disrobe the images,

If

If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images

70

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's
wing,

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of man,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the
course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CI-
CERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, a Soothsayer,
&c.

Cæs. Calphurnia——

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia——

80

Calph. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.——Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,

The

The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember :

70 When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd. 90

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha ! Who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet,
again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me ?
I heard a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of
March. 100

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng : Look upon
Cæsar.

Cæs. What sayst thou to me now ? Speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—
pass.

[*Scennet.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, and Train.*

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some
part 110

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;

I'll leave you.

Cæs.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance 121
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours :
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one) ;
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men. 130

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion ;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bur-
ry'd

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other thing.

Cas. 'Tis just :
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye, 140
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,

Have

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
hear :

121 And, since you know you cannot see yourself 150
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
30 And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. 161

[Flourish, and shout.]

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the
people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him
well :—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What is it that you would impart to me ?

If it be ought toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other, 170

And I will look on both indifferently :

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love

The

The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you : 181

We both have fed as well ; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,

Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did. 190

The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of controversy :

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

Cæsar cry'd, *Help me Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of

Tyber

Did I the tir'd Cæsar : And this man

Is now become a god ; and Cassius is 200

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestick world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men 220

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that
Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. 231

Now in the name of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough, 240
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said, 251
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
"Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words 260
Have struck but this much shew of fire from
Brutus.

Re-enter

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve :

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so :—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes, 270
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cas. Let me have men about me, that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given. 281

Cas. Would he were fatter :—But I fear him
not :

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony : he hears no musick :

Seldom

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing. 291
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

Manent BRUTUS and CASSIUS: CASCA to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-
day,

That Cæsar looks so sad. 301

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him;
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back
of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a'
shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last
cry for? 310

Casca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every

every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it a third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapt their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd Cæsar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: And for my own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air. 335

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness. 339

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people

people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less. 361

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but, for my own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 374

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca.

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,
and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so; Farewell both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you: 390

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—'till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, 401
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Street. Thunder and lightning. Enter CASCA, his sword drawn ; and CICERO, meeting him.

Cic. Good even, Casca : Brought you Cæsar home? 410

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven ; 420
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides

Besides (I have not since put up my sword),
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by, 430
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things 440
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed
sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there? 451

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full
of faults.

For my own part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;

And thus unbrac'd, Casca, as you see, 460

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:

And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods by tokens, send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of
life

That should be in a Roman, you do want, 470

Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;

Why old men, fools, and children calculate;

Why all these things change, from their ordinance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,

To monstrous quality; why you shall find, 480

That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,

To make them instruments of fear, and warning,

Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night;

That

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol :

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are. 490

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean : Is it not,
Cassius ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mother's spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-mor-
row,
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy. 500

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides, 510
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
Poor

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds. 519
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman : then I know
My answer must be made : But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca : and to such a
man,

That is no flearing tell-tale. Hold my hand ;
Be factious for redress of all these griefs ; 531
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets ; 541
And the complexion of the element,
It favours like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one
in haste.

Cas.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you : Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ? 550

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is
this ?

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for ? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

You are, O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

Cas. Be you content : Good Cinna, take this
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
In at his window ; set this up with wax 560
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find
us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him
Is ours already ; and the man entire, 570
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeant.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BRUTUS, in his orchard.

Brutus.

WHAT, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him, 11
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—

How

How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—

That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; And, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischiev-
vous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them,
[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleepest; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up. 50

*Shall Rome—*Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocks within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks. [Exit LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar, 61
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And

And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The genius and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door
Who doth desire to see you. 71

Bru. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them ?

Luc. No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their
ears,

And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit LUCIUS*

They are the faction. O conspiracy !
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by
night, 81

When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
spiracy ;

Hide it in smiles, and affability :
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest :
Good-morrow, Brutus ; Do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour : awake, all
night. 91

Know I these men, that come along with you ?

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here,
But honours you : and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too. 100

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east : Doth not the day break
here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth : and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day. 110

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both de-
ceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some

Some two months hence, up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond, 130
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits, 140
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means. 150

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with
him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out. 160

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should out-live Cæsar? We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius, 170

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And

And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ; 180
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm, 190
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :

For, in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself—take thought, and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. 200
[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Wher Cæsar will come forth to-day or no :
For he is superstitious grown of late ;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The

The unaccustom'd terror of this night, 210
And the persuasions of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does ; being then most flattered.
Let me work : 220

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 231

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you, Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember

What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With

With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet BRUTUS.

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber : 241
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise
you now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about, 251

Musing and sighing, with your arms across :

And when I asked you what the matter was,

You stared upon me with ungentle looks :

I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;

But with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience, 260

Which seemed too much enkindled ; and withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

Which

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it. 271

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
You have some sick offence within your mind, 280
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy : and what men to-night
Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness. 290

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets

Tha

That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But as it were, in sort, or limitation ;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
 suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife. 300

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter.
'Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ? 310
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with pa-
tience.

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart. 320

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is it that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour. 332

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible; 340

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,

To

To do I know not what : but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

350

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

CÆSAR'S Palace. *Thunder and Lightning.* Enter
CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night :

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, oh ! They murder Cæsar. Who's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord ?

Cæs. Go bid the priest do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to
walk forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day. 360

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : The things, that threat-
en'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds, 370
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers? 390

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ; 400
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home. 410

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good-morrow, worthy
Cæsar :

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?

D 3

420
Have

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come :]
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home : 430
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and por-
tents,

And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 440
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you, great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
say :

And know it now ; the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say, 452

*Break up the senate 'till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
phurnia? 460

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

470

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up:—Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna :— Now, Metellus :— What, Tre-
bonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;
Remember that you call on me to-day ; 480
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been fur-
ther.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*A Street near the Capitol. Enter ARTEMIDORUS,
reading a Paper.*

Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ;
come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust
not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius
Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wrong'd Caius Li-
garias. There is but one mind in all these men, and
it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal,
look

*look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty gods defend thee!*

Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation. 500
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

*Another part of the same street. Enter PORTIA
and LUCIUS.*

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here
again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. 511
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc.

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that? 520

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: Which way hast
thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol? 530

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
not?

Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.

Good-

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels, 540
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will croud a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there,
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord; 550
Say, I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, and then the Capitol; the Senate sitting.
Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CAS-
CA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA,
ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ARTEMIDORUS, POPILIUS,
PUBLIUS, and the Soothsayer.

Cæsar.

The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first : for mine's a suit
That

That touches Cæsar nearer : Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ? 10

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street ?
Come to the Capitol.

[*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.*]

Pop. I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius ?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cæs. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : Mark him. 20

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,

Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANT. and TREB.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar. 31

Bru.

Bru. He is addrest : press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [*Kneeling*
An humble heart :——

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies, 40
Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel-blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet
words,

Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished ;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. 50
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal,

Cæs. What, Brutus !

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon : 60

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine; 69
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus? 80

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me. [*They stab CÆSAR.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*——Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin.

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing:—Publius, good
cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius. 99

Cas. And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 110

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty! 120

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages
hence,

Shall

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth? 130

Cas. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ; 140
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse. 151

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to
friend.

Cas. I wish, we may : but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
Antony. 160

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, 170
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age;

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands, 180
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see are not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities. 191

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;— 200
Now Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Me-
tellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either

Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now, 210

Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better, than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave
heart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart; 221

And, this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Then in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;

But what compact mean you to have with us? 230

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, in-
deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,

Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar, 240
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do ; Do not consent,
[*Aside.* 250
That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rights, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong. 260

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body:

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : And you shall speak

In

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt conspirators.*]

Manet ANTONY.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !

Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ; 281

Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile, when they behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;

All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With Atë by his side, come hot from hell, 290

Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice,

Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony,

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar!— *[Seeing the Body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and
weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes, 302

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;

Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place: there shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt, with CÆSAR's body.]*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Forum. Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

320

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Plebeians.*

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

329

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for
my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: be-
lieve me for mine honour; and have respect to
mine honour, that you may believe: censure me
in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you
may the better judge. If there be any in this as-
sembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say,
that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his.
If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose
against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I
lov'd

lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 353

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter MARK ANTONY, &c. with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar. 370

4 *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts.

Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Pleb.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories: which Mark Antony
By our permission is allowed to make. 381

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all. 390

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them ; 400

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me : 410

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal, 420

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And sure he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;

What

What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?—

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious. 439

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men: 450

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,

I found

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in this sacred blood ;
Yea beg a hair of him for memory, 460
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad : 470
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Pleb.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?
I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament ! 480

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers : the will !
Read the will !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will ?—
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And

And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 Pleb. You shall have leave.

4 Pleb. A ring; stand round. 490

1 Pleb. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Pleb. Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me: stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made: 501

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd:

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab, 510

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops. 520
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woeful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge: About,
Seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Pleb.* Peace there: Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. 540

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all a plain blunt man,

That

That love my friend; and that they know full
well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths! 550

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspira-
tors.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
speak. 559

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble An-
tony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
what:

Wherein hath Cæsar so deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear
the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar ! 570

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! When comes such another ?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never :—come, away, away :
We'll burn his body in the holy place, 580
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work : Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !—How now,
fellow ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I strait to visit him ;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Street. Enter CINNA the Poet, and after him,
the Plebeians.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors, 600
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name ?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell ?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor ?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best. 609

Cin. What is my name ? whither am I going ?
Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man, or a bachelor ?
Then to answer every man directly, and
briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a
bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools
that marry :—You'll bear me a bang for that, I
fear. Proceed ; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

620

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator. 630

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus' and to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius: away; go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

On a small Island near Mutina. Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS.

ANTONY.

These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Octa. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep.

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;
Fetch the will hither and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies. 10

Lep. What, shall I find you here ?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands : Is it fit,
'The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it ?

Octa. So you thought him ;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man, 21
'To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Octa. You may do your will ; 30
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius : and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To

To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ; 40
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion : do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out ;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered. 50

Octa. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies :
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, and Soldiers :
TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc.

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers, 61
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted,—A word, Lucilius ;—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd. 69

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,

Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd :—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along. 90

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong,

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs;

And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content, 99

Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
'Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground. 108

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The inside of BRUTUS' Tent. Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself 120
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corrup-
tion,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member ! 130

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?

What

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

140

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
'To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

151

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods, 161
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
'Though it do split you: for from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men. 170

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not. 180

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you shall be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, 190
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you deny'd me : Was that done like Cas-
 sius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces ! 200

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool,
 That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
 my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
 appear 210

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Révenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world :
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart 221
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :

If

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike as thou did'st at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforc'd, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too. 240

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave
me,

Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*A noise within.*

Poet. [*within*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There

There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone. 251

Luc. [*within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; what do you
mean?

Love and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time: 261

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Erit POET.*

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so
angry. 270

Bru.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha ! Portia ?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
so?—

O, insupportable and touching loss !—
Upon what sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence ; 280
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ; for with her
death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O, ye immortal gods !

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl
of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. 292

Re-enter TITINIUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius: — Welcome good
Messala. —

Now

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power, 300
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self same ten-
our.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of out-
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one? 310

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you ought of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord. 319

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala :

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently? 330

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cs. That it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection; 340

For they have grudg'd us contribution :

The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends, 350
Our

Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day,
We at the height are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. 360

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ; we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewell,
good Messala ;—
Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius, 370
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O, my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good-night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one. [*Eacunt* 380

Re-enter

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions, in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO, and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by 390
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-
getful.

Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two? 400

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

It troubles thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

H

Bru.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might;

I know, young bloods look for a time to rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep
again:

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee.

[*Musick and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, 412

That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good
night.

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd
down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes, 420

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Phi-
lippi.

Bru

Bru. Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [Exit Ghost.]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest : 432

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy ! Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake—
Claudius !

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord !

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
cryd'st out ? 440

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst : Didst thou see any
thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius !
Fellow thou ! awake.

Var. My lord.

Claud. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
sleep ?

Both. Did we, my lord ?

Bru. Ay ; Saw you any thing ? 450

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claud. Nor I my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cas-
sius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

Octavius.

Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd :
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so ; their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face, 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something's to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Octa. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. 21

[*March.*
Drums.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army ;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, &c.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows ? Is it so countrymen ?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,

Octavius. 30

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony, 40

And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;

H 3

Whilst

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd. 50

Octa. Come, come, the cause : If arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, 'till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or 'till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors'
hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope ; 60
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Octa. Come, Antony ; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs. 70

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and army.]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and
swim, bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

[*LUCILIUS, and MESSALA, stand forth.*

[*BRUTUS, speaks apart to LUCILIUS.*

Luc. My lord.

Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my general ?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
Be thou my witness, that against my will.

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
Who to Philippi here consorted us :

This morning are they fled away, and gone ; 90

And, in their steads, do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so Lucilius.

100

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
Lovers, in peace lead on our days to age !

But

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death 110
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life :—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble
Roman, 120

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March began :
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again we'll smile indeed ; 130
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might
know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But, it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills

Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive

But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow. 140

Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS, and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:

Who,

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord: 151
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look
Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy. 160

Tit. I will be here again; even with a thought.
[*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill;
My sight was ever thick: regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pind. [*above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about 170
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him:
now,

Titinius!

Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en:—and, hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life, 180
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath ;

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bo-
som.

Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art aveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius! 190
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill. 200

Mes. Is that not he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone:
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. 210

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed, 220
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Mes.*]
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.

But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I 231

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part;

Come Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.

Alarums. Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

Cato. Brave Titinius!— 243

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.— 250

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock ; and Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. *[Exeunt.]*

182

I have said I will give it thee, and I

his bidding—Brutus, come apace.

—how I regarded Cato's Caesar.

; how I regarded Cato's part.

heart.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field. Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field : 261

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[Exit.]

—*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius ;

And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die : 270

There

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus: 280

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Another part of the field. Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light; but, my lord,

He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! 300

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me 310

Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;

And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.

I know, my' hour is come.

Vol.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit; [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you,
Volumnius,

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day, 330

More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Right hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within. Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly. [*Ex. CLI. DAR. and VOL.*

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

Fy thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord;

Thou art a fellow of a good respect; 340

My life hath had some smack of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strat.

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now he
still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy
master;

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Mes-
sala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him: 350
For Brutus only overcame himself;
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain
them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato? 360

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!* 370

Octa. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Excunt.*

THE END.

only, in a general honest thought,
 common good to all, made one of them.
 He was gentle; and the elements
 in him, that nature might stand up,
 say to all the world, 'This was a man.'
 What? According to his virtue let us use him;
 let all respect and rites of burial
 within our brief tenement of clay be paid;
 like a sad soldier, here lies he,
 that in the field himself hath won
 the honour that he bears in clay.





Act 5. ROMEO and JULIET. Scene 3.



Remond del.

Ch. Storr engr.

W. K. M. in the Character of JULIET.
'Tis now I—then I'll be brief—O happy
Day!

London Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand March 4th 1790.

J. H. & R. E.



ROMEO & JULIET.

Whence hath been his kindness?

Act I.

Scene 3.

W. H. & R. E.

Lacey sculp.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o 5, Catherine Street, Oct. 14. 1806.



Bell's Edition.

ROMEO and JULIET.

BY

Will. Shakspeare :

Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,
And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR

JOHN CAWTHORN, 5, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND,
Bookseuer to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

1806.



Printed by T. Collins, Harvey's Buildings, Strand.

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE Fable AND Composition OF
ROMEO & JULIET.

THE story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549, at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boistean copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection, 1596; but very probably some edition of it, yet more ancient, had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, and published in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem, entitled, *The tragical Historie of Romeus and Juliet*. It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "*Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtile Counsels and Practices of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson.*" Among the entries on the books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582: "*M. Tottell] Romeo and Julietta.*" Again, Aug. 5, 1596: "*Edward White] a new ballad of Romeo and Juliett.*" The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: however, Shakspeare was not entirely indebted, to Painter's epitome;



Printed by T. Collins, Harvey's Buildings, Strand.

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but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed), from a passage in Ames's Typographical Antiquities, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval, in his Travels, tells us, that he saw at Verona, the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to a poet.* Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated: he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though

though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery—a miserable conceit.* JOHNSON.

PROLOGUE.

*TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their childrens' end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.*

Dramatis Personae.

MEN,

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
PARIS, *Kinsman to the Prince.*
MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses at variance with each other.*
CAPULET, }
ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*
MERCUTIO, } *Friends to Romeo.*
BENVOLIO, }
TYBALT, *Kinsman to Capulet.*
An old Man, his Cousin.
FRIAR LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*
FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*
BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*
SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }
ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*
Three Musicians.
PETER.



WOMEN,

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*
LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*
JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*
Nurse to Juliet.

CHORUS,—*Boy, Page to Paris, an Officer, an Apothecary.*

Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women, relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the play, at Verona.



ROMEO & JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A street. Enter SAMPSON, and GREGORY, two
Servants of CAPULET.*

Sampson.

GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of
the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Greg. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—
to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou
runn'st away. 11

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maid of Monta-
gue's.

Greg.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave ; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True ; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the walls :—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall. 20

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids ; I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids !

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads ; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand : and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh. 31

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool ; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM, and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out ; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How ? turn thy back, and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry ; I fear thee !

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides ; let them begin. 41

Greg. I will frown as I pass by ; and let them take it as they list.

Sam.



Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay ?

Greg. No.

50

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Greg. Say—better ; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

60

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

[*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools ; put up your swords ; You know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben.

Ben. I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me. 70

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace ; I hate the
word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee ;
Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four Citizens, with clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans ! strike ! beat them
down !
Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

*Enter old CAPULET, in his gown ; and Lady
CAPULET.*

Cap. What noise is this ?—Give me my long
sword, ho !

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch !—Why call you for
a sword ?

Cap. My sword, I say !—old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spight of me. 80

Enter old MONTAGUE, and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,——Hold me not, let
me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,——

Will

Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you
beasts,——

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,——
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands 90
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.——
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again, 100
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, CAPULET, &c.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach: 111
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came

Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day? 12

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side——
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made: but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own—— 130
That most are busied when they are most alone——
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son, 140
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends: But

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true ——— 150
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you step
aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd. 160

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out.—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

B

Rom.

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with
love:— 180

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what? 190

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shewn,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lover's tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet, 200

A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan; why, no,

But sadly tell me, who. 210

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—

O word ill urg'd to one that is so ill——

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 221

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise: wisely too fair, 230

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think!

B ij

Ben.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more :
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows, 240
Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair ;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost :
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A street. Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike: and 'tis not hard, I think, 250
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long,
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. 259

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth;
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent, and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store, 270
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one, 280
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me:—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there; and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, and PARIS.*

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written
here? It is written—that the shoemaker should med-
dle with his yard, and the taylor with his last, the
fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets;
but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are
here writ, and can never find what names the writing

persons hath here writ. I must to the learned :—
In good time. 293

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning ;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish :
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain leaf is excellent for that. 300

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman
is ;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt, and tormented, and——Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.——I pray, sir, can you read ?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book :
But I pray, can you read any thing you see ? 310

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly ; rest you merry !

Rom. Stay, fellow ; I can read.

[He reads the list.]

*Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters ;
County Anselem, and his beauteous sisters ; The
lady*

lady widow of Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces ; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine ; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters ; My fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio, and the lively Helena. 320

A fair assembly : whither should they come ?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither ? to supper ?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house ?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking : My Master is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. 331

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st ;
With all the admired beauties of Verona :
Go thither : and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires !
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars ! 341
One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! tut ! you saw her fair, none else being
by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye :
But in those chrystal scales, let there be weigh'd

Your

Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn, 350
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A room in CAPULET's house. Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,——

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here: what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave a while, 356

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen,

Nurse.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen : How long is't now to Lammas-
tide ?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all the days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen. 373
Susan and she,—God rest all christian souls ;—

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God ;

She was too good for me : But, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;

That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it—

Of all the days in the year, upon that day :

For I had then laid Wormwood to my dug,

Sitting i' the sun under the dove-house wall, 380

My lord and you were then at Mantua :—

Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool !

To see it teachy, and fall out with the dug.

Shake, quoth the dove-house : 'twas no need, I
throw

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years :

For then she could stand alone: nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about. 390

For even the day before, she broke her brow :

And then my husband—God be with his soul !

'A was a merry man ;—took up the child ;

Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face ?*

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit ;
Wilt

Wilt thou not, Jule ? and, by my holy dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay :*
 To see now, how a jest shall come about !
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it ; *Wilt thou not, Jule ?* quoth
 he : 400

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy
 peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam ; yet I cannot chuse but
 laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say——*Ay :*

And, yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone ;

A par'lous knock : and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face ?*

Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age ;

Wilt thou not, Jule ? it stinted, and said—*Ay.* 410

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
 say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
 his grace !

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd :

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
 I came to talk of :——Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married ?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,
 I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat. 421

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now : younger
 than you,

Here

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax. 429

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find writtē in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover: 441
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men,

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move: 450
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurses'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the countess stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street. Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six maskers, torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?

Or shall we on without apology ?

466

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this
ambling ;

Being

Being but heavy, I will bear the light. 470

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpeared with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink. 480

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love ?
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous ; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love ;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in :

[*Putting on a mask.*

A visor for a visor !——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?

Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me. 490

Ben. Come, knock, and enter ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase——

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut ! dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word :

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire, 499
Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.——Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning ; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask :
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night. 510

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed asleep ; while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep : 520
Her waggon spokes made of long spinner's legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bones ; the lash of film :
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated knat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub, 530
Time out of mind the fairies' coach maker.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit : 540
And sometime comes she with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometimes she driveth over a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab, 550
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage,
This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy ;

C ij

Which

Which is as thin of substance as the air;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our
 selves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives, 570
 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despis'd life, clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But he that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A hall in CAPULET'S house. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take
 away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher! 580

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or
 two men's hands, and they unwash'd two, 'tis a foul
 thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint stools, remove the
 court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save
 me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lov'st me,
 let

let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell,——
Antony ! and Potpan !

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy ; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd
for, and sought for, in the great chamber. 591

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—
Cheerly, boys ; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver
take all. [Exeunt.

*Enter CAPULET, &c. with the guests and the
maskers.*

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen ! ladies, that have
their feet

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you :

Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all

Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns ; Am I come near you now ?

You are welcome, gentleman ! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a vizard ; and could tell 600

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please ;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone :

You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians,
play.

A hall ! a hall ! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Musick plays, and they dance

More lights, ye knaves ; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet ;

For you and I are past our dancing days :

How long is't now, since last yourself and I 610

Were in a mask ?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago. 600

Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the
hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, 630

And, touching her's, make happy my rude hand.

Did my heart live 'till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To flier and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you so? 640

Tyb.

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't ?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth :
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement :
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will ; the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill beseeeming semblance for a feast.

650

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest ;
I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd ;
What, Goodman boy !—I say, he shall :—Go to ;—
Am I the master here, or you ? go to. 660
You'll not endure him !—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy :—Is't so, indeed ?—
This trick may chance to scathe you ;—I know
what.——

You must contrary me ! marry, 'tis time——
Well said, my hearts :—You are a princox ; go :—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame !—
I'll make you quiet : What !—Cheerly my hearts. 671

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[Exit,

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

[To Juliet,

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this——

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, 680

Which mannerly devotion shews in this ;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers effect I take.

Thus from my lips by yours, my sin is purg'd. 690

[Kissing her,

Jul. Then have my lips ? the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly urg'd !
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

He

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous :
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal ; 700
I tell you—he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?

O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone ; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.——

Is it e'en so ? Why, then I thank you all ;

I thank you, gentlemen ; good night :—— 710

More torches here !—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late ;

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*

Jul. Come hither, Nurse : What is yon gentleman ?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door ?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance ?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name :——if he be married, 720
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? What's this ?

Jul.

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal.

[*One calls within JULIET*

Nurse. Anon, anon :——

Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir :
That fair, for which love groan'd sore, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair,
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitch'd by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steals love's sweet bait from fearful
hooks :
Being held a foe he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where :
But passion lends them pow'r, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit Chorus.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The street. Enter ROMEO alone.

Romeo.

CAN I go forward, when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*Exit.*

Enter BENVOLIO, with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo ! my cousin Romeo !

Mer. He is wise ;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall :
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Why, Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh, 10

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied ;

Cry but—Ay me ! couple but—love and dove ;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name to her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not ;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip, 20

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him : 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down ;
That were some spight : my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those
trees,

To be consorted with the humourous night :
Blind in his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And with his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night ;—I'll to my truckle bed ;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :
Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then ; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CAPULET'S garden. *Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
But, soft ! what light through yonder window
breaks ?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!——

[JULIET *appears above, at a window.*

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she :

Be not her maid, since she is envious ;

50

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.——

It is my lady ; O, it is my love :

O, that she knew she were !——

She speaks, yet she says nothing ; What of that ?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.——

I am too bold, 'tis not to me it speaks :

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.

60

What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars ;

As day-light doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. Ay me !

Rom. She speaks :——

70

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

D

Jul.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,

Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;

And for that name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me ? and wherefore ?

The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb !
And the place death, considering who thou art, 110
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er perch
these walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee
here. 120

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight ;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here ;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place ?

Rom. By Love, who first did prompt me to in-
quire :

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize. 130

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
face ;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

D ij

Fain

Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
 What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment !
 Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—Ay ;
 And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully : 140
 Or if thou think'st I am two quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess ;
 But that thou over-heardst, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ; 150
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
 moon
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, 160
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love——

Jul. Well, do not swear ; although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night :

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say—it lightens. Sweet, good-night !
 This bud of love, by summer's rip'ning breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good-night, good-night ! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast ! 172

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Rom. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :
 And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have : 180

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
 The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within ; Dear love, adieu !

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed blessed night ! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night,
 indeed. 190

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

D iij

Thy

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

[*Within* : Madam,

I come, anon :—But if thou mean'st not well,
 I do besech thee,—[*Within* : Madam.] By and by,
 I come :—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief ;
 To-morrow will I send,

200

Rom. So thrive my soul——

Jul. A thousand times good-night ! [Exit,

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
 light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
 books ;

But love from love towards school with heavy looks.

Re-enter JULIET again, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's
 voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again !

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud !

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name. 211

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest musick to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom.

Rom. My sweet !

Ful. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Ful. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years 'till then. 220
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Ful. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Ful. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone :
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who let's it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 230
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Ful. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night ! parting is such sweet sor-
row,
That I shall say—good-night, 'till it be morrow.

[Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ; 240
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Monastery. Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
 night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ; 250
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find ;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities :
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give ;
 Nor ought so good, but, strain'd from that fair
 use, 260
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
 And vice sometime's by action dignify'd.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine pow'r :

For

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed foes encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;

And, where the worser is predominant,

270

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good-morrow, father!

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?——

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,

So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign: 280

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,

Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;

Or, if not so, then here I hit it right——

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou
been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again. 290

I have been feasting with mine enemy:

Where

Where on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies :
I bear no hatred, blessed man ! for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is
set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet : 300
As mine on her's, so her's is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage ; when, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies 310
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Holy saint Francis ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ; 320
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;

The other did not so.

330

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household's rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; they stumble, that run
fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Street. Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?——
Came he not home to night ?

340

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd. 351

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye, shot through the ear with a love song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests his minim, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house;—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!——By——*a very good blade!*——*a very tall man!*——*a very good whore!*——Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *Par-donnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's*! 375

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo!

Mer.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring :—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified !—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in : Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench ;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her : Dido, a dowdy ; Cleopatra, a gipsy ; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots ; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour* ! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you ?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip : Can you not conceive ?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great ; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy. 392

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right. 400

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well said : follow me this jest now, 'till thou hast worn out thy pump ; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness !

E

Mer.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio ; my wits faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs ! or I'll cry a match. 410

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild goose-chace, I am done ; for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five : Was I with you there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou was not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweating ; it is a most sharp sauce. 420

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose ?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad !

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad ; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groaning for love ? now thou art sociable, now art thou Romeo : now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature : for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bawble in a hole. 432

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short : for I was come to the whole depth of my tale ; and

and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer. 440

Rom. Here's goodly geer !

Enter Nurse, and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail !

Ben. Two, two ; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. *Peter !*

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. My fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman. 450

Nurse. Is it good den ?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are you ?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said ;—for himself to mar, quoth'a ?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo* ?

Rom. I can tell you ; but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him ; I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well : very well took, i' faith : wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

E ij

Ben.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho ! 470

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare, sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,
An old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent :
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it to be spent.——* 480

Romeo, will you come to your father's ? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, lady, lady, lady ! [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery ?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk ; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month. 490

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ! and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skains-mates :—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure ; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant

warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 502

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 513

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee——

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir——that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer. 521

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir; well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall,

Within this hour my man shall be with thee; 530
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!——Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!——Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!——Hark
you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear
say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel. 540

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady
—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—
O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would
fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve
see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her some-
times, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but,
I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as
any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and
Romeo begin both with a letter? 550

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an
R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is
for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other
letter: and she hath the prettiest sentiments of it, of you
and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. 560

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE V.

CAPULET's garden. *Enter JULIET.*

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse ;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him :—that's not so.——

O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills :

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey ; and from nine 'till twelve 570

Is three long hours,——yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me :

But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with PETER.

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?

Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. 580

[*Exit PETER.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O, lord ! why
look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;

If

If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a weary, give me leave awhile ;—
Fie, how my bones ache ! what a jaunt have I had !

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy
news :

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. What haste ? can you not stay awhile ?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath ? 590

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath ?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied ; Is't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you
know not how to choose a man : Romeo ! no, not he ;
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
excels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a
body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they
are past compare ; He is not the flower of courtesy,
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy
ways, wench ; serve God :—What, have you din'd
at home ?

Jul. No, no : But all this I did know before ;
What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head
have I !

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

610
My

My back o' the other side,——O, my back, my back!——

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and
I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within:
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st? 620
Your love says like an honest gentleman——
Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife: 631
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell. 639

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE VI.

Friar LAWRENCE's cell. Enter Friar LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph, die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness, 659
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Two swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady :—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint ;
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity. 660

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

Jul.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament : 671
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work ;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A street. Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page,
and Servants.*

Benvolio.

I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.
Mer.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; why eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my head, I care not.

Tyb.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den : a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us ? Couple it
with something ; make it a word and a blow. 40

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if
you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
giving ?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—

Mer. Consort ! what, dost thou make us minstrels ?
an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but
discords : here's my fiddle-stick ; here's that shall
make you dance. 'Zounds, consort !

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men :
Either withdraw into some private place, 51
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
gaze ;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Mer. Well, peace be with you, sir ! here comes my
man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery :
Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower ;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain. 61

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting :—Villain, I am none ;

F

There-

Therefore, farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love ; 70
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
A la stoccata carries it away.—

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your
nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher
by the ears ? make haste, lest mine be about your ears
ere it be out. 82

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ;

Beat down their weapons :—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage ;—*Tybalt*—*Mercutio*——
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets :—hold, *Tybalt* ;—good *Mercutio*.
[*Exit TYBALT.*]

Mer. I am hurt ;—
A plague o' both the houses !—I am sped !——
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Bén. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ! marry, 'tis
enough.——

Where

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—What! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

106

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worm's meat of me: I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet!
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, 120
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

F ij

Rom.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend ;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive ! in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now !—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads, 130
Staying for thine to keep him company ;
Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone !
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain ;
Stand not amaz'd :—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—away !

Rom. O ! I am fortune's fool ! 140

Ben. Why dost thou stay ? [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio ?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Cit.

Cit. Up, sir, go with me ;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their
Wives, &c.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, 150
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin !—O my brother's
child !—

O prince !—O husband !—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman !—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague,—
O cousin, cousin !

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay ;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal 160
Your high displeasure : all this——uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel, at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud, 170

F ij

Hold,

Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and swifter than his
tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly : 180
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life :
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
Who now the prince of his dear blood doth owe ?

La. Mont. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend ; 190

His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;
But I'll immerge you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ; 199
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,

Else,

Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An apartment in CAPULET'S house. Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
That run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo 210
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !——
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties : or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty. 220
Come night !——Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in
 night ;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.——
Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd
 night,

Give

Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world shall be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love, 230
 But not possess'd it ; and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd : So tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
 cords,

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. 240

Jul. Aye me! what news? why dost thou wring
 thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day? he's dead, he's dead, he's
 dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot :—O Romeo! Romeo!—

Whoever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
 thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

250
Hath

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say——*I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse; 260
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood:——I sownded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!——poor bankrupt,
break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead? 271

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?——
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? 280
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-

Dove-feather'd raven ! wolvis-ravening lamb !
 Despised substance of divinest show !
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned saint, an honourable villain !——
 O, nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?——
 Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
 So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell 290
 In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.——
 Ah, where's my man ? give me some *aqua vita*.——
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ; 300
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
 cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?——
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband ;
 Back foolish tears, back to your native spring ; 310
 You tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;

And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband :

All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murdered me : I would forget it fain ;

But, O ! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds ;

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo——banished !

That——*banished*, that one word——*banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there :

Or,——if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,——

Why follow'd not, when she said——Tybalt's dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd ?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

Romeo is banished——to speak that word, 330

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead :——*Romeo is banished——*

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death : no words can that woe sound,——

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :

Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine
shall be spent,

When their's are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords :——Poor ropes you are beguil'd,

Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd : 341

He made you for a highway to my bed ;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding-bed ;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse,

Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo
To comfort you ;—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;
I'll to him ; he is hid at Lawrence' cell.

349

Jul. O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Friar LAWRENCE's cell. Enter Friar LAW-
RENCE, and ROMEO.*

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth thou fearful
man ;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's
doom ?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

360

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha ! banishment ! be merciful, say—death ;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say——banishment.

Fri.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself. 370

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death ; then banishment
Is death mis-term'd : calling death——banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. 380

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty, 390

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin :
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;
They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?

But Romeo may not ; he is banished.

Had'st thou no poison mix'd, no sharp ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But ——banished——to kill me ? banished !

O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
 Howlings attend it : How hast thou the heart, 400
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
 To mangle me with that word——banishment ?

Fri. Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished ?——Hang up philosophy !
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, 410
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;
 It helps not, it prevails not,——talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
 no eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
 feel ;

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,
 Doating like me, and like me banished.
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy 420
 hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now ;
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise ; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide thy-
 self.

[*Knock within.*]

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick
 groans,

Mist-

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knock.

Fri. Hark, how they knock !——Who's there ?——

Romeo, arise ;

Thou wilt be taken :——Stay a while :——stand up ;

[Knock.

Run to my study :——By and by :——God's will :

What wilfulness is this ?——I come, I come.

[Knock.

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's
your will ?

430

Nurse. [within.] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand ;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O, holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo ?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case !——

Fri. O woeful sympathy !
Piteous predicament !

Nurse. Even so lies she, 440
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing :——

Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;

Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir !——death is the end of all.

G ij

Rom.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
 Doth she not think me an old murderer,
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy 450
 With blood remov'd but little from her own?
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
 My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
 weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
 And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
 And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her: as that name's curs'd hand 460
 Murder'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion. [Drawing his sword.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
 Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
 The unreasonable fury of a beast:
 Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
 Or ill beseeeming beast, in seeming both! 470
 Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
 Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
 Which,

Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all, 480

And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valour of a man :

Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask,

Is set on fire by thine own ignorance, 490

And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;

There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt : there too art thou happy :

The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,

And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;

Happiness courts thee in her best array ;

But like a mis'hav'd and a sullen wench, 500

Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,

Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;

But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set,

For then thou can'st not pass to Mantua ;

Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy 510

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—

Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the
night,

To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !——
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. 521

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Go hence. Good-night :—and here stands all
your state——

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence :
Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here :
Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good-night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me, 530
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
Farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*A room in CAPULET'S house. Enter CAPULET,
Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.*

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter :

Look

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I :——Well, we were born to die.——
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago. 539

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :—
Madam, good-night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.——
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next——
But, soft ; what day is this ? 550

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ! ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl :——
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :——
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much : 559

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone :——o' Thursday be it then :——

Go

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
 'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by :—Good-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

JULIET's chamber. Enter ROMEO, and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark, 570
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops ;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I ; 580
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
 I am content, if thou wilt have it so,
 I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
 Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat,

The

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads : 590

I have more care to stay, than will to go ;——

Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.——

How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, begone, away ;

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;

This doth not so, for she divideth us ;

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too ! 600

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunts up to the day.

O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light !—more dark and dark
our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam ?

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :

The day is broke ; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so ? Love ! lord ! ah, husband ! friend ! 611

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days :

O ! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come. 620

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[Exit ROMEO.]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long, 630
But send him back.

La. Cap. [within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live?
Therefore, have done: some grief shews much of
love; 641

But

But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam ? 659

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him ! I do with all my heart ;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands :

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death !

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not :

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua—

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, 660

That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, 'till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext :—

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it ;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon

Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors 670
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, 680
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not there make me a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed 690
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris :—These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter

Enter CAPULET, and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sun-set of my brother's son,
It rains downright.——

How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ? 700
Evermore showering ? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.——How now, wife ?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you
thanks ; 710
I would, the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have ; but thankful, that you
have :

Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now ! chop logick ! What
is this ? 720

Proud—and, I thank you—and, I thank you not—
And yet not proud—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,

H

But

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad!

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 731

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God hath sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding! 740

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossips bowl,
For here we need it not. 750

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,

Wakin

Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd ; and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demiesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man——
And then to have a wretched puling fool, 760
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answer—*I'll not wed—I cannot love——*
I am too young—I pray you, pardon me ;——
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you ;
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, 770
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good ;
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?——
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
word ;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God !——O nurse ! how shall this be
prevented ? 781

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis; Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

790

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.

Oh! he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

800

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead; or, 'twere as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,

810

Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence's cell,

To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
It is more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,

Or

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times ?——Go, counsellor ;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.——
I'll to the friar to know his remedy : 820
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar LAWRENCE'S cell. Enter Friar LAW-
RENCE and PARIS.

Friar.

ON Thursday, sir ? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so ;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind ;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore little have I talk'd of love ;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she do give her sorrow so much sway ; 10

And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears ;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society :

Now do you know the reason of this haste ?

H iij

Fri.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell. [*Aside.*]

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
next. 20

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ; 31
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that
report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth ;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now :
My lord, we must intreat the time alone. 41

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion !—

Juliet,

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :
Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit PARIS.]

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done
so,
Come, weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past
help !

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county. 50

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both : 60
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel : or, behold,
Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,

Thou

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death, to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it ;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
 Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk 80
 Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me
 tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give con-
 sent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow ; 91
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat :
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ; 100
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;

Each

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death :
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
And hither shall he come ; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame ;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it. 121

Jul. Give me, O give me ! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength ! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

CAPULET's house. Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks. 130

Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if
they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick
his own fingers: therefore, he that cannot lick his
fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [Exit Servant.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Lawrence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth. 140

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with
merry look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you
been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you. 150

Cap.

Cap. Send for the county ; go, tell him of this ;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell ;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't ; this is well ; stand up :
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county ;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him. 160

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday ; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her :—we'll to church to-
morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET, and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision ;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush ! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ; 170
I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho !—
They are all forth : Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow : my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, and Lady CAPULET.*]

SCENE III.

JULIET's chamber. Enter JULIET, and Nurse,

Jul. Ay, those attires are best :—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state, 180
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy ? do you need my
help ?

Jul. No, madam ; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night !
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need. 190

[Exeunt Lady, and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewell !—God knows when we shall
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me ;—
Nurse !—What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—

What

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
Shall I of force be married to the count ?——
No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.——

[*Laying down a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar 201

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?

I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man :

I will not entertain so bad a thought.——

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point ! 210

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?

Or, if I live, it is not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,——

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, 220

Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort ;——

Alack, alack ! it is not like, that I,

So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad——

O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught

Environed with all these hideous fears ?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints ? 229

I

And

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
 O, look ! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
 Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV.

CAPULET'S hall. *Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.*

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath crow'd, 239

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :—
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
 Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
 For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit ; What ! I have watch'd ere
 now

All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
 time ;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now,
fellow,
What's there? 251

Enter three or four, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, sir; that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit.

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with musick straight,

[Musick within.

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up; 262
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say! [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

JULIET'S chamber; JULIET on the bed. Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast,
I warrant her:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

I ij

Why

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,
bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, 270

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her:—Madam! madam! madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?

What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!— 280

Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—My lord!—my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the
day! 290

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead!

Cap.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold!
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accurs'd time, unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail, 300

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS, with
Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—

O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face, 310

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day

I iij

Most

Most lamentable day ! most woeful day,
 That ever, ever, I did yet behold !
 O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
 Never was seen so black a day as this :
 O woeful day, O woeful day !

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain !
 Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,
 By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown !——
 O love ! O life !—not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, killed !
 Uncomfortable time ! why cam'st thou now
 To murder——murder our solemnity ?——
 O child ! O child !—my soul, and not my child !——
 Dead art thou !—alack ! my child is dead ;
 And, with my child, my joys are buried !

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lives
 not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid :
 Your part in her you could not keep from death ;
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most you sought was—her promotion ;
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd :
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
 She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long ;
 But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young,
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church :

For

For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral :
Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in—and, madam, go with him ;—
And go, sir Paris ;——every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill ;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS,*
and Friar.

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows ah, put up, put up ;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease,*
heart's ease ;

O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

Mus. Why *heart's ease.*

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full of woe : O, play me some merry
dump to comfort me.

Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

Mus. No.

Pet

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith ; but the gleek : I will give you the minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crutches, I'll re you, I'll *fa* you ; do you note me ?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit ; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger :——Answer me like men :

When griping grief the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music with her silver sound,

Why, silver sound ? why, music with her silver sound ?

What say you, Simon Catling ?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty ! What say you, Hugh Rebeck ?

2 Mus. I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too ! What say you, James Sound-post ?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy ! you are the singer : I will say for you. It is—*music with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have no gold for sounding :——

Then music with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress.

[Exit singing.]

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same ?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack ! Come, we'll in here ;
 carry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mantua. A street. Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
 My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne ;
 And all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
 I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead
 (Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think) ;
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
 Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy ?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !——How now, Balthasar ?
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
 How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
 How fares my Juliet ? That I ask again ;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill ;
 Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives ;
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you :
 O pardon me from bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bath. Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou are swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary——
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted,
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to myself I said——
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need:

And

And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house :
Being holyday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud !

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art
poor ;

Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery ;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,

Than

Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell;
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell'; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Friar LAWRENCE's cell. Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAWRENCE.

Law. This same should be the voice of friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it—here it is again—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John.

John. Brother, I'll go bring it thee. [Exit.

Law. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come ;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb ! [Exit.

SCENE III.

*A church-yard ; in it a monument belonging to the
CAPULETS.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page with a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand
aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hears't something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard ; yet I will adventure.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
bed : [Strewing flowers.

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity ;
Fair Juliet, that with angels doth remain,

Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb :

[*The boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning ; something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rites ?
What, with a torch !—muffle me night, awhile.

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR, with a torch, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light : upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
On what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :
The time and my intents are savage wild ;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take
thou that :

Live,

Live, and be prosperous : and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. *[Exit.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[Breaking up the monument.

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd——

And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies :——I will apprehend him.——

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :

Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed : and therefore came I hither.——

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,

Fly hence and leave me ;——think upon these gone ;

Let them affright thee.——I beseech thee, youth,

Pull not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury :——O, be gone !

By heaven I love thee better than myself :

For I come hither arm'd against myself ;

Stay not, be gone ;——live, and hereafter say——

A madman's mercy bad thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjuration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee,
boy. *[They fight, PARIS falls.*

Page. O Lord ! they fight : I will go call the
watch.

Par. O, I am slain!——If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode! I think,
He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet!
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?——O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave——
A grave! O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?——O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.——
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair! Shall I believe——
I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)

That

That unsubstantial death is amorous ;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
For fear of that, I will stay still with thee ;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again : here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest ;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last !
Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death !——
Come, bitter conduct come, unsavoury guide !
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in :
Here's to my love !—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary !
Thy drugs are quick. —Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

*Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a lantern, crow,
and spade.*

Law. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves !——Who's
there ?

Enter BALTHASAR.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Law. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends its light

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To

To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capulet's monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Law. Who is it ?

Balth. Romeo.

Law. How long hath he been there ?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Law. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, sir :

My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Law. Stay then, I'll go alone : Fear comes upon
me ;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Law. Romeo ?——

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?——

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?——

Romeo ! O, pale !——Who else ? what Paris too ?
And steep'd in blood ?——Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance ?——
The lady stirs.

Ful. [*waking.*] O, comfortable friar ! where is my
lord ?

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am :——Where is my Romeo ?

[*Noise within.*

Law.

Law. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep ;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents ; come, come away :
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;
And Paris too ; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay
no longer. [Exit.]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away :—
What's here, a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :—
O churl ! drink all ; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]
Thy lips are warm !

Watch. [within.] Lead boy :—Which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise !—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger !
[Snatching ROMEO's dagger.]
This is thy sheath ; [stabs herself.] there rust, and let
me die.

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch
doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody ; search about the
church-yard ;

Go, some of you, whome'er you find, attach.

[Exit some.]
Pitiful

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;——
 And Juliet bleeding ; warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried.——
 Go, tell the prince,——run to the Capulets,——
 Raise up the Montagues,——some other search :——
 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie :
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in
 the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, 'till the prince come
 hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAWRENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and
 weeps :

We took this mattock and his spade from him,
 As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion ; stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, and Lady CAPULET, &c.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry——Romeo,
 Some

Some——Juliet, and some——Paris ; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears ?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man ;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven ?—O, wife ? look how our daughter bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en, for lo ! his house
Lies empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE, and others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :
What further woe conspires against my age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught : what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
And

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death : Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Law. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know of
this.

Law. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her—
Bethroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris :—Then come she to me ;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her of this sacred marriage,
Or, in my cell, there should she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleepy potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,

Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back ; then all alone,
At the prefix'd hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
But, when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes ; and I entreated her to come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience !
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know ; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy : and, if aught in this
Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say to this ?

Balth. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father ;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch ?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave ;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :

Anon

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
 And, by and by, my master drew on him ;
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
 words ;

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
 And here he writes——that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal,
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet——
 Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Montague !—
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love !
 And I, for winking at your disorders too,
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen :——all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand !
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
 Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
 That while Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set,
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with
 brings ;

The sun for sorrow will not shew his head :
 Go hence, to have talk'd of these sad things ;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :
 For never was a story of more woe,
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt omnes*]

THE END.



Act V

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Act II

TITUS ANDRONICUS.



Thackeray del.

MR. WELLS in the Character of LAVINIA.

Under your protection gentle Cupids,

Printed for John Bell British Library Strand London Aug 24 1765.



TITUS ANDRONICUS.

*Thy heart can never be still not long again,
Thy mind not here, thy spirit's gone.*

Act 4.

Scene 1.

very del.

Hall, 56

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Aug! 6th 1785.



T

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Bell's Edition.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

BY

Will. Shakspeare:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

JOHN CAWTHORN, 5, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.
Bookseller to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

1809.



Printed by D. Deans, Catherine-Street, Strand.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

IT is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism.

JOHNSON.

This is one of those plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to strengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakspeare left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London: and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the stage, with the addition of his own masterly touches, is incontestible, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction, in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is

even beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry VI.* The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the capitol.

THEOBALD.

All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience: yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne, but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible*, I see no reason for believing.

JOHNSON.



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Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

MARCUS,
QUINTUS,
LUCIUS,
MUTIUS,

} *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.*

SEMPRONIUS.

ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS,

} *Sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*
Captain from Titus's Camp.

ÆMILIUS, *a Messenger.*
Goths, and Romans.
Clown.



WOMEN.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*
Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Rome; and the Country near it.*



TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in Rome. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Then enter SATURNINUS and his followers, at one door; and BASSIANUS and his followers, at the other; with drum and colours.

Saturninus.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of
my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *aloft, with the crown.*

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by
friends,

Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;—
And now at last laden with honour's spoils.

Return



Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us intreat,—By honour of his name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and Senate's right, 41
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons, 50
 And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause:
 Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, 60
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—

Open the gates and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-House.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter MURTIUS and MARCUS: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the Queen of Goths, ALARBUS, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, prisoners; Soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds! 70

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,

Half

Half of the number that king Priam had, 80
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my
sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead were wont, 90
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fractrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones; 100
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren,—Gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
Think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,

To

To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke?
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for king and common-weal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these;
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood;
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful:
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son. 110

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
 Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* MUTIUS, MARCUS, QUINTUS
 and LUCIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety! 13

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
 Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
 To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
 Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
 The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
 May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths

(*Who*

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes. 141

Enter MUTIUS, MARCUS, QUINTUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have performed

Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so ; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the
Coffins in the Tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ; 150
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here no storm,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame !

Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render, for my brethren's obsequies ; 160

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy

Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of my age, to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live ; out-live thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome! 170

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
Marcus.

Mar. And welcome nephews, from successful
wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords ;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue ;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons :
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with proclamations to-day ; 190
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully ;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,

Knighted

Knights in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country :
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world :

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. 200

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-
pery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—

Sat. Romans, do me right ;

Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them not,
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :—

Andronicus, 'would thou were ship'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus? interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!— 210

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die :

My faction, if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
Ask your voices, and your suffrages ;

Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus? 220

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept who he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I
make,

That

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
 Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
 Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
 And ripen justice in this common-weal :
 Then if you will elect by my advice,
 Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!* 230

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
 Patricians, and Plebeians, we create
 Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;
 And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish, till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
 To us in our election this day,
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
 Thy name, and honourable family, 240
 Lavinia will I make my emperess,
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—
 King and commander of our common-weal,
 The wide-world's emperor—do I consecrate 250
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord ;
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget

The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[To TAMORA.

To him, that for your honour and your state, 260
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodiy lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome;
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this? 271

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us
go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest, then, my
lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right. 280

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb shew.

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice;

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd? By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe. 290

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain boy,
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Titus kills Mut.*]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Not thou, nor he, nor any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me: 300

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands. 310

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—— 319

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman Gods——
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stands——
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome, 330
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

c

Whose

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered : 340
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride ;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS,
and MARCUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons! 350

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes ;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified ;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls :—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ; 360
He must be buried with his brethren.

[*TITUS' Sons speak.*]

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall ? What villain was it spoke that
word?

[*TITUS' Son speaks.*
Quin.

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wound-
ed.

My foes I do repute you every one; 370
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature
plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will
speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest, 380
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals:

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismallest day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!— 390

c ji

Well,

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb;*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends.

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

[*They all kneel and say;*

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,——to step out of these dreary dumps——

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
If by device, or no, the heavens can tell; 400
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter the Emperor, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, at one door: At the other door, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, and we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife? 411
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know—

By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here, 420

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be control'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge, 431

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak, indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome fore-
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you! 440

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take 'Titus' part ;
And so supplant us for ingratitude
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin),
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a
queen

[*Aside.*

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.—

Come, come, sweet emperor—come, Andronicus—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown. 463

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my emperess hath pre-
vail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;— 470

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—

For you, prince Bassianus, I have past

My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.—

And

And fear not, lords—and you, Lavinia ;——
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his high-
ness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might, 480
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up. 490

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-
jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. 500

[*Excunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Palace. Enter AARON alone.

Aaron.

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, 10
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess. 20
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis:—this queen,
This syrin, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this!

Enter

Enter CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30
Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aur. Clubs, clubs!—These lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side, 39
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aur. Why, how now, lords?

To near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold, 50

The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Chi.

Chi. Not I ; 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward ! that thunder'st with thy
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge? 70

Young lords, beware!—an should the emperess
know

This discord's ground, the music would not please,

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world.

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in
Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths 80
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose
To achieve her I do love.

Aar.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange!

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is 90

Of a cut loafe to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ah, and as good as Saturninus, may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or
so

Would serve your turns. 100

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,

To square for this? Would it offend you then

That both should speed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that
you jar. 110

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve;

That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,

You

You must perforce accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
 A speedier course than lingering languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop: 12
 The forest walks are wide and spacious;
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words;
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our emperess, with her sacred wit,
 To villany and vengeance consecrate,
 We will acquaint with all that we intend;
 And she shall file our engines with advice, 13
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns:
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's
 eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas,* 'till I find the stream 14
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor.— [Exeunt]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to a Forest. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS and his three Sons, with hounds and horns, and MARCUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince? and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully : 150
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal :
then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS,
LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and their at-
tendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
Madam, to you as many and as good !—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no ;
I have been broad awake two hours and more. 160

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us
have,

D

And

And to our sport:—Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound, 170
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A desert part of the Forest. Enter AARON alone.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad, 180
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;

The

The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground ;
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise : 190
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your de-
sires, 200

Saturn is dominator over mine :

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my clouded melancholy ?
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the emperess of my soul, 210
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;

n ji

Thy

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 220

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great emperess, Bassianus comes:
 Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS, and LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her;
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps! 230
 Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently
 With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
 And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
 Are singled forth to try experiments:
 Joyeshield your husband from his hounds to-day!
 'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag. 241

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
 Doth

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train?

Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to on obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport, 250
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-coloured love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long:

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gra-
cious mother,

Why does your highness look so pale and wan? 260

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren and detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, 270

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me, they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew ;
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call'd me, foul adultress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 280
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed :
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
 strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know,
 my boys, 290

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
 wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope she braves your
 mightiness :

And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi.

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. 300

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam ; we will make that
 sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : Let it be your glory,
 To see her tears ; but be your heart to them, 310
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young one's teach
 the dam ?

O, do not teach her wrath ; she taught it thee :
 The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to mar-
 ble ;

Even at thy teat thou had'st thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;

Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.

Chi. What ! would'st thou have me prove myself
 a bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark :
 Yet have I heard (O could I find it now !), 320

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 330

Tam. Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long; 340
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fees:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 350

Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth,—Bring
thou her husband ; [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my sons : see, that you make her
sure :

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor, 360
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS, *and* MARCUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords ; the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you ; wer't not for
shame,
Well could I leave our sport, to sleep a while.

[*MARCUS falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen ? What subtle hole
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ? 371
A very fatal place it seems to me :—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here ;

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*]

Mar. Why dost not comfort me and help me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ? 380

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear :
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints ;
Mine heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now 390
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews ragged entrails of this pit : 400
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—

Out

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out.

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 410
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy
help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter the Emperor, and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. The unhappy son of old Andronicus; 420
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but
jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chace;
Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief. 430

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ.
The complot of this timeless tragedy:
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth SATURNINUS a Letter.*

SATURNINUS reads the Letter.

*An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him; 440
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here. 448

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Shewing it.*
Sat.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life :—

[*To* *TITUS.*

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of mine accursed sons, 460
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? *Tamora*, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail :
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow
me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain; 471
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king ;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come; stay not to talk with
them.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

Enter DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning
so ; 479

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can
scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to
wash ;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS to LAVINIA.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so
fast ?

Cousin, a word ; Where is your husband ?—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake
me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down, 490
That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungente hand

Have

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep
in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips, 500
Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflow'ed thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast, 510
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That better could have sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands 520
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touched them for his life.

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,

E ji

Which

Which that sweet tongue hath made ;
 He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye : 529
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome. Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARCUS and QUINTUS bound, passing on the Stage to the place of Execution, and TITUS going before, pleading.

Titus,

HEAR me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose soul are not corrupted, as 'tis thought !
 For two and twenty sons I never wept, 10
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
 [*ANDRONICUS lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.*]

For

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep langour, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,

[*Exeunt.*]

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow, 20
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:—
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you. 31

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
 speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
 They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
 All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
 Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale:
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet, 40

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones :

A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their
death :

For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment. 50

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers ;
Tygers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine : How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished ?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS, and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep ;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break !
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age. 60

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me !

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
her :—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?

What

What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st, 70
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service that I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain. 80

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound. 90

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;

Here

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes : 100
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madd'd me ; What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lovely body so ?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
 Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this :
 Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her ! 110
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
 her husband :

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ; 120
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou and I, sit round about some fountain ;
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd ; like meadows, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long.
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter fears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ? 130

Or

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
grief,

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps,

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, 140
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her
signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now she would say

That to her brother which I said to thee;

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

O, what a sympathy of woe is this!

As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor 150
Sends thee this word,—That if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king; he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

That

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
 With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand;
 Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off? 161

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine
 That hath thrown down so many enemies,
 Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn;
 My youth can better spare my blood than you;
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
 Rome,
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
 Writing destruction on the enemies' castle?
 O, none of both but her of high desert: 170
 My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death;
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go
 along,
 For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs
 as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
 Let me redeem my brothers both from death. 181

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's
 care,

Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch the axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, and MARCUS

Tit.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: 190

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*
He cuts off TITUS's hand.

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS again.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be is dispatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. 200

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*

Doth fat me with the very thought of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me? 210

[*To LAVINIA.*

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;

Or

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime cloud,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be the passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries, 220
Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-
flow ?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad?
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !

She the weeping welkin, I the earth :

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;

Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd : 230

For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and
a hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand, thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back :
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd :
Tha

That woe is me to think upon thy woes. 240
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe! 250

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, *Andronicus*;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two son's heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs: 260
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of your most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why have I not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

'And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears ; 270
 Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me ;
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
 'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
 You heavy people, circle me about :
 That I may turn me to each one of you.
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
 And in this hand the other will I bear : 281
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
 teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight :
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt*]

Manet LUCIUS.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome ! 290
 Farewell, proud Rome ! 'till Lucius comes again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tore hast been !
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;

And

And make proud Saturninus and his emperess
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power, 300
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

SCENE II.

*An Apartment in TITUS's house. A banquet.
Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young
LUCIUS, a boy.*

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyraunize upon my breast ;
And when my heart, all mad with misery, 310
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thou dost talk in signs !

[To LAVINIA.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beat-
ing,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still,
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;

fji

That

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in, 320
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands; 330
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her
cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect, 341
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And by, still practice, learn to know the meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
laments;
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness. 350

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of
tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my
heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;

I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly. 360

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buz lamenting doings in the air?

Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-
favour'd fly,

Like to the emperess' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee, 370

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, sirrah!—yet I think we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him.

He takes false shadows for true substances. 380

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TITUS's house. Enter young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him; and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter TITUS and MARCUS.

Boy.

HELP, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ah, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit.

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:—

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee: 10
Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she had read to thee,
Sweet poetry and Tully's oratory.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit of phrenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy 20
Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth?
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this? 30

Some book there is that she desires to see:
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more
than one

Confederate

Confederate in the fact ;—Ay, more there was :—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge. 40

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! soft, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: What would she find? Lavinia, shall I
read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of 'Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy. 50

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, were't thou thus surpriz'd, sweet
girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den, 60
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none
but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down
by me.—

Apollo,

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:

[*He writes his Name with his Staff, and
guides it with his Feet and Mouth.*]

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can't, 70
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece! and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and
guides it with her Stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath
writ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed? 81

Tit.—*Magne Dominator Poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I
know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere, 90
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,

Mortal

Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him while she playeth on her back, 100
And, when he sleeps, she will do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say
you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome. 110

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the emperess' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou
not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grand-
sire.

Tit. No, no, boy, not so; I'll teach thee ano-
ther course. 120

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;

Ay

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassionate him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:

But yet so just, that he will not revenge;

Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! 130

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace. Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one Door: and at another Door, young LUCIUS, and another, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some sad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—

And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius; What's the
news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the
news,

For

For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,

My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me 140

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be arm'd and appointed well:

And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody vil-
lains. [*Exit.*]

Dem. What's here? a scroll; and written round
about?

Let's see;

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 150

Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu:

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well;
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just;—a verse in Horace;—right, you
have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no fond jest: the old man hath
found their guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about
with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick. } [*Aside.*]

But were our witty emperess well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest a while.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 170

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
o'er. [Aside. Flourish.

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son. 180

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-Moor Child.

Nurse. Good-morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all.

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,

190

Our

Our emperess' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ;

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom ?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her !

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam ; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad 200
Among the fairest breeders of our clime.

The emperess' sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. That which thou

Can'st not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother. 210

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathsome choice !

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aar.

Aar. What, must it nurse? then let no man,
but I,

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's
point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels
up. 221

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey, out of his father's hands. 230
What, what; ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—
Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can. 239

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My Mistress is my mistress; this, myself,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty
bears : 250

Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blush-
ing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer :

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

Here is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchis'd and come to light :

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side, 260

Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the em-
peress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;

Save you the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you :

Keep there : Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ; When we all join
in league, 270

I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd emperess.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the emperess; tell her this I said:—

[*He kills her.*

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore
did'st thou this? 281

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to-bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all; 290
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my lords; ye see, I have given her phy-
sick,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me. 300
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

c jii

Chi.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
flies ;

There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the emperess' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence ;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts : 311
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*A Street near the Place. Enter TITUS, old
MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen
with Bows ; and TITUS bears the Arrows with
Letters on the Ends of them.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come ;—Kinsmen, this is
the way :

Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight :
Terras Astrea reliquit :—be you remember'd Mar-
cus.—

She's gone, she's fled.—Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean, 321
And

And cast your nets ; haply, you may find her in
the sea ;

Yet there's as little justice as at land—

No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;

'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth ;

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition :

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;

And that it comes from old Andronicus, 330

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome!—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages.

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd ;

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,

To see thy noble uncle thus distract ? 340

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,

By day and night to attend him carefully ;

And feed his humour kindly as we may,

'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters,

What, have you met with her ? 350

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you
word,

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :

Marry,

Marry, for justtce, she is so employ'd
He thinks, with Jove in Heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you needs must stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size; 360
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
bear:—

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus,
[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apolli-*
nem:—

Ad Marten, that's for myself;—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:—
To Saturn, and to Cælus; not to Saturnine,— 370
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters draw [*They shoot*] O, well
said, Lucius!

Good boy, in virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this. 380

Ti.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,

The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the emperess' villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? 391
Shall I have justice? What says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else. 400

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter

ter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you. 410

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace ?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither ; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor : By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold ;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

Clown. Ay, sir. 421

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel ; then kiss his foot : then deliver up your pigeons ; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir ; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir ; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant :
And when thou hast given it the emperor, 431
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go :—Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Palace. Enter Emperor, and Emperess, and her two Sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Thoubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However the disturbers of our peace 440
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath past,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo: this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome! 450
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who should say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut of the proud'st conspirator that lives. 460

Tam.

Tam. My gracious lord, most lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scar'd his
heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
[*Aside.*]

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all :
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick, 470
Thy life-blood out : if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with
us?

Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be
emperial.

Tit. Emperess I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God and saint Stephen, give
you good den :

I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*The Emperor reads the letter*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd. 480

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought
up a neck to a fair end. [Exit]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know

I know from hence this same device proceeds :
May this be borne?—as if his traiterous sons,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair ;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege :— 490
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man ;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee Æmil'us?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had
more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do 500
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with
storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :
'Tis he, the common people love so much;
Myself have often over-heard them say
(When I have walked like a private man),
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their em-
peror. 510

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city
strong?

H

Sat.

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy
name.

Is the sum dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome. 520
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart 530
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador: [*To ÆMILIUS.*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus; 540
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

And

And now sweet emperor be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp, at a small distance from Rome. Enter LUCIUS and Goths, with drums and soldiers.

Lucius.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,

Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on curs'd Tamora.

Omn. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Hji

Luc.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
stray'd, 20

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace, taxen slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain thou might'st have been an emperor: 30
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the
babe,—

For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the emperess' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate de-
vil, 40

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your emperess' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No! not a word?

A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl; 51
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou
speak'st, 60
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee
Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live. 69

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;

That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, call'd conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god, 80
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears:
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god so'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the em-
peress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of cha-
rity, 90

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands off; and trimm'd her as thou
saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that
trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trim-
med; and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to instruct them.
That coddingspirit had they from their mother, 100
As

As sure a card as ever won the set ;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons :
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue, 110
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
And, when I had it drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two son's heads ;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
And when I told the emperess of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale, 120
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse),
Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ; 130
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself :
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;

Make

Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors
 Even when the sorrow almost was forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters, 140
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil ; for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire ;
 So I might have your company in hell, 150
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
 Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me :
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house ; 160

Willing

Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

TITUS'S *Palace in Rome.* Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs. 170
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and TITUS opens his study door.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody lines I have set down; 180
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night; 190
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud emperess, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death: 200
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee. 210
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,

To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel 220
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder : therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord ! how like the emperess' sons they
are ? 230

And you, the emperess ! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee :

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy :

Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;

And, being credulous in this mad thought, 240

I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;

And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,

I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies.

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme,

Tit.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee;
 Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;—
 Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:
 How like the emperess and her sons you are! 250
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
 For, well I wot, the emperess never wags,
 But in her company there is a Moor;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil:
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him. 260

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee
 wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
 Rome;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—

Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—

Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor; 27

Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion

For up and down she doth resemble thee;

I pray thee, do on them some violent death,

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam.

Tam. Well hast thou lessen'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house: 280
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the emperess and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him 290
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are;
Tell him, the emperor and the emperess too
Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with
me; 300

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam.

Tam. [*to her sons.*] What say you, boys? will you abide with him, Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor, How I have govern'd our determin'd jest? Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all though they suppose me mad; And will o'er-reach them in their own devices, A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. 310

[*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAM.*

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.— Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The emperess' sons, 320 I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name: And therefore bind them, gentle Publius; Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them: Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, And now I find it: therefore bind them sure; And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS*
Ch

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the emperess' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.— 330

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with a knife, and
LAVINIA with a bason.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look thy foes are bound:—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death: 340

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:

Both her sweet hands, her tongues, and that, more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say, if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;

Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood. 350

You know, your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—

Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it will make a paste;
 And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on; 360
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
 Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet; which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast. 370

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and *Goths*, with AARON
Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goths

Goths. And ours with thine, besal what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tyger, this accursed devil ;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
 For testimony of these foul proceedings : 380
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong ;
 I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart ?

Luc. Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave !—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON.*

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.— [*Flourish.*
 The trumpets shew, the emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one ?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun ?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
 parle ; 391

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordained to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
 places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys.*

A Table

A Table brought in. Enter TITUS, like a Cook, placing the Meat on the Table, and LAVINIA, with a Veil over her Face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;
And welcome, all : although the cheer be poor, 400
'Twill fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your emperess.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this ;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus. 411

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like :
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

[*He kills her*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and un-
kind ? 420
Tit.

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was :

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished ? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat ? will't please your highness feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius :
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently. 431

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye ;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*He stabs TAMORA.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*He stabs TITUS.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*LUCIUS stabs SATURNINUS.*

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl 440

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself ;

And

And she, whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience, 450
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,

[*To Lucius.*
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel; 460
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most.
Lending your kind commiseration:

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was, that ravished our sister: 471
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lady, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend : 480

And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise : O pardon me :
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak ; behold this
child, 491

Of this was Tamora delivered ;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro-
mans ? 500

Have we done ought amiss ? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak : and, if you say, we shall,
So, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand, 519
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal emperor!
Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life,
Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,— 521
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses* *TITUS.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus renders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay 530
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee
well:

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,

Shed

Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so : 540
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :
Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans, with AARON.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events. 550

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him ;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :

If any one relieves or pities him,

For the offence he dies. This is our doom :

Some stay, to see him fastened in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb ?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers,

I should repent the evils I have done ;

Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,

Would I perform, if I might have my will : 560

If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave :

My

My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity; 57
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

THE END.



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Act IV.

TROILUS & CRESSIDA.

Scene II.



Bumey del.

The author's design.

M^{rs} CUYLER in CRESSIDA.

And you this Glove. —

London Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand, October 18th 1783.

SMYTH & PERR.



TRIOLUS and CRESSIDA.

*Draw down this curtain, and show
us your picture.*

Scene 2.

W. G. Jones, Sculp.

1785.

N. Le Moine, Sculp.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library-Strand Oct: 1st 1785.



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Bell's Edition.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

BY

Will. Shakspeare:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,
And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

JOHN CAWTHORN, NO. 5, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1811.



Printed by D. Deans, 1, Catherine-Street, Strand.

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PREFACE

TO THE

QUARTO EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never Writer, to an ever Reader. NEWES.

ETERNALL reader, you have here a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never undertooke any thing comicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies change'd for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this author's commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes are pleased with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more than ever they dream'd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowd,) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf't in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleieve this, that when he is gone, and his

comedies

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comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasures, losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I beleeeve you should have prayd for them rather than been prayd. And so I leave all such to be prayd for (for the states of their wits health) that will not praise it.

VALE.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

MR. POPE (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of 'Troilus and Cressida' was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard (of whom Gascoigne speaks in 'Dan Bartholomew his first triumph;' "since Lollius and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glose") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the 'Troye Book of Lydgate.' Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his 'History of Troy,' in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again in 1480: at Strasburgh, 1486, and ibidem 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Fuere, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his 'Recuyel' &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own Chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might

have been Shakspeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage—Lydgate's 'Troye Booke' was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationer's Company, anno, 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between Troilus and Cressida." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of Troilus and Cressida, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlaine's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonain and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of Troilus and Cressida."

STEEVEN.

This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is full displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of 'Homer.'

JOHNSON.



PROLOGUE.

*IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war : Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia : and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps ; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come ;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike frautage : Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions : Priam's six gated city
(Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenoridas) with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperrs up the sons of Troy,—
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard : And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice ; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstling's of those broils,
Ginning in the middle ; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault ; do as your pleasures are ;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

PRIAM,	}	Trojans.
HECTOR,		
TROILUS,		
PARIS,		
DEIPHOBUS,		
HELENUS,		
ÆNEAS,		
PANDARUS,		
CALCHAS,		
ANTENOR,		
MARGARELON, a Bastard Son of Priam.		
AGAMEMNON,	}	Greeks.
ACHILLES,		
AJAX,		
MENELAUS,		
ULYSSES,		
NESTOR,		
DIOMEDES,		
PATROCLUS,		
THERSYTES,		



WOMEN.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.
ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.
CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.
CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.
ALEXANDER, Cressida's Servant.
Boy, Page to Troilus.
Servant to Diomed.
Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. PRIAM'S Palace. Enter PANDARUS, and TROILUS.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to
their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker, than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ; 10
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

B

Pan.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

20

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself what goddess e'er she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

30

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she
thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than
ever

I saw her look; or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

40

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
than



than Helen's (well, go to), there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but——

Troi. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus— 50
When I do tell thee, 'There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: 'Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:——O that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense 60
Hard as the palm of ploughman! 'This thou tell'st
me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be
as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an
she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you:
gone between and between, but small thanks for
my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me. 82

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool, to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her; for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I. 90

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O, gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar; 100
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between

Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore
not afield? 110

Troi. Because not there; This woman's an-
swer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is return'd home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn:
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town
to-day!

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were
may.— 120

But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thi-
ther?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter CRESSIDA, and ALEXANDER her Servant.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Serv. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whether go they?

Serv. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd: 130
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Serv. The noise goes, this: There is among
the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax. 140

Cre. Good; And what of him?

Serv. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men; unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts
of their particular additions; he is as valiant as
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant:
a man into whom nature hath so crouded humours,
that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly
sauced

sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attainment, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smiles, make Hector angry? 159

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium? 172

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry? 180

Cre.

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so ; I know the cause too ; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that : and there's Troilus will not come far behind him ; let them take heed of Troilus ; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too ?

Pan. Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter ! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector ? Do you know a man, if you see him ? 191

Cre. Ay ; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say ; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is nor Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them ; he is himself.

Pan. Himself ; Alas, poor Troilus ! I would, he were,——

Cre. So he is. 200

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself ? no, he's not himself, —'Would 'a were himself ! Well, the gods are above ; Time must friend, or end : Well, Troilus, well, — I would my heart were in her body ! — No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder. 210

Cre.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess),—Not brown neither. 223

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose. 235

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector. 247

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him ;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven, chin,——

Cre. Juno, have mercy !—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled ; I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then :——But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—— 260

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin ;—Indeed, she has a marvelous white hand, I must needs confess. 270

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

Pan.

Pan. But, there was such laughing; Queen
Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under
the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd. 281

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry at the white hair that Helen spied
on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have
laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as
at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs
on your chin, and one of them is white.* 291

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that.
*One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white;
That white hair is my father, and all the rest are
his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs
is Paris, my husband? The forked one, quoth
he; pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there
was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and
Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laughed, that it
pass'd. 301

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great
while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yester-
day; think on 't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true ; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [*Sound a Retreat.*]

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. 310

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field : Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium ? good niece, do ; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place ; here we may see most bravely ; I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by ; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud. 320

Pan. That's Æneas ; is not that a brave man ? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you ; But mark Troilus ; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that ?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor ; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you ; and he's a man good enough : he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person :—When comes Troilus ?—I'll shew you Troilus anon ; if he see me you shall see him nod at me. 330

Cre. Will he give you the nod ?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If you do, the rich shall have more.

Hector

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that ;
There's a fellow !—Go thy way, Hector ;—There's
a brave man, niece,—O, brave Hector !—Look,
how he looks ! there's a countenance : Is't not a
brave man ?

Cre. O, a brave man ! 339

Pan. Is a' not ? it does a man's heart good—
Look you, what hacks are on his helmet ? look
you yonder, do you see ? look you there ! There's
no jesting ; laying on ; take 't off who will, as
they say : there be hacks !

Cre. Be those with swords ?

PARIS *passes over.*

Pan. Swords ? any thing, he cares not : an the
devil come to him, it's all one. : By God's lid, it
does one's heart good :—Yonder comes Paris,
yonder comes Paris : look ye yonder niece ; Is't
not a gallant man too, is't not ?—Why, this is
brave now.—Who said, he came home hurt to-
day ? he's not hurt : why, this will do Helen's heart
good now. Ha ! would I could see Troilus now !—
you shall see Troilus anon. 354

Cre. Who's that ?

HELENUS *passes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus
is :—That's Helenus ;—I think he went not forth
to-day ; That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle ?

Pan. Helenus ! no ;—yes, he'll fight indifferent
c well :

well: I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest. 363

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O, brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O, admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O, admirable man! Paris!—Paris is dirt to him; and I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Enter Soldiers, &c.

Cre. Here comes more. 380

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws! crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan.

Pan. Achilles! a dray-man, a porter, a very camel. 390

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye—for then the man's date is out. 400

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching. 413

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

e ij

Pan.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*]
I doubt but he be hurt—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle. 421

Pan. I'll be with you niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize :

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see,

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing ;

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not
this, 432

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,——

Achievement is, command ; ungain'd, beseech :

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

*The Grecian Camp. Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON,
NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, with others.*

Aga. Princes, 440

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails, in the promis'd largeness: checks and dis-
asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far, 450
That after seven year' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed,
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men? 460

The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply 471
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men : The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk ?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
 cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements, 480
 Like Perseus' horse : Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival greatness ! either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune : For, in her ray and bright-
 ness,

The herd that more annoyance by the brize,
 Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies flee under shade, why then, the thing of
 courage, 400

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,——

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks,
Besides the applause and approbation 499
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway—

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretch-out life,—

[*To NESTOR.*

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please
both,—

Thou great,—and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Aga. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
expect 510

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive, 521
To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What

What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol, 530
In noble eminence enthron'd and sper'd
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans cheek, to good and bad : But, when the
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, hor-
rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate 540
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities.
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string, 550
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets

In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should

should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 and make a sop of all this solid globe :
 strength should be lord of imbecility,
 and the rude son should strike his father dead :
 force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
 Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 should lose their names and so should justice too.
 When every thing includes itself in power, 560
 power into will, will into appetite ;
 and appetite, an universal wolf,
 so doubly seconded with will and power,
 must make perforce an universal prey,
 and, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 this chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 follows the choking.

and this neglect of degree it is,
 that by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 hath to climb : The general's disdain'd, 570
 by him one step below ; he, by the next !
 that next, by him beneath : so every step,
 exampled by the first pace that is sick
 of his superior, grows to envious fever
 of pale and bloodless emulation :

and 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.
Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd,
 the fever whereof all our power is sick. 580

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, — whom opinion
 crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host, —

Having

Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs ; With him, Patroclus
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests ;
 And with ridiculous and aukward action 59
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on ;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his ham-strings, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-rested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquar'd
 Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
 Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—
 Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke the
 beard,

As he, being 'drest to some oration.

That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!* 610
 'Tis Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patroclus
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough and spit,
 And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport,

Sic

Valour dies ; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus ;—*

*give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
pleasure of my spleen.* And in this fashion
all our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, 620

severals and generals of grace exact,
achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
as stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
(With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head
in such a rein, in full as proud a place 630

as broad Achilles : keeps his tent like him ;
takes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
bold as an oracle : and sets Thersites

A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)

to match us in comparisons with dirt ;

to weaken and discredit our exposure,

low rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;

count wisdom as no member of the war ;
forestall prescience, and esteem no act 640

but that of hand : the still and mental parts,—

that do contrive how many hands shall strike,

When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :

they call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war :

that the ram, that batters down the wall,

For

For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sound*]

Aga. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray
 you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince
 Do a fair message, to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How many
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed
 As bending angels; that's the fame in peace:

But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
 Jove's accord, 679

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
 Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
 The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
 transcends,

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ear.

Aga. He hears nought privately, that comes
 from Troy. 690

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
 him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind;
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
 That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud, 699
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
 And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
 What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpets sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
 Who in this dull and long-continued truce

Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
 If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
 That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fears ;
 That loves his mistress more than in confession
 (With truant vows to her own lips he loves),
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
 In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms :
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call, 720
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
 If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas ;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home : But we are soldiers ;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove, 730
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old now ;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man that hath not one spark of fire,
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—

I'll hide my silver beard in a golden beaver,
 And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world; His youth in flood,
 I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Aga. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent; 749
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent ULYSSES, and NESTOR.

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
 That hath to its maturity blown up 760
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
 To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
 sends,

However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

D ij

Nest.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up :

And, in the publication, make no strain, 770

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

As banks of Libya—though, Apollo knows,

'Tis dry enough—will with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose

Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet ; whom may you else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,

If not Achilles ? Though 't be a sportful combat,

Yet in this trial much opinion dwells ; 780

For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute

With their fin'st palate. And trust to me, Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd

In this wild action : for the success,

Although particular, shall give a scantling

Of good or bad unto the general ;

And in such indexes, although small pricks

To their subsequent volumes, there is seen

The baby figure of the giant mass

Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd, 790

He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice :

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,

Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,

As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd

Out of our virtues ; who miscarrying,

What heart receives from hence a conquering part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves !

Which

Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs. 800

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not then consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes : What
are they ? 810

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
But he already is too insolent :

And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the better man, 821

For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.

If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes.—
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

831

Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AJAX, and THERSITES.

Ajax.

THERSITES——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full,
 all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites——

Ther. And those boils did run!——Say so——
 did not the general run then; were not that a
 botchy core?

Ajax. Dog——

Ther. Then there would come some matter
 from him; I see none now. 10

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
 hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
 mungrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak:
 I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness : but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without a book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks! 21

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee: I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another. 33

Ajax. I say, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles: and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him. 40

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whorson cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do! thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an assinego may tutor thee; thou scurvy valiant ass!

ass!—Thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou! 54

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? 60

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool. 70

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones:—I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax—who wears his wit

wit in his belly, and his guts in his head—I'll tell you what I say of him. 80

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool! 88

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour o' the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary. 100

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knocks out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel. 109

Achil.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards. 120

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, 130
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]
SCENE

SCENE II.

Troy. PRIAM's Palace. Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS,
PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
Deliver Helen, and all damage else— 141
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-
sum'd,

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off.—Hector, what say thou to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks
than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, 150

More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety.

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us, 160
Had

Had it our name, the value of one ten ;
 What merit 's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up ?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother !

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
 The past proportion of his infinite ?
 And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive 170
 As fears and reasons ? fie, for godly shame !

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at
 reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so ?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, bro-
 ther priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
 reasons.

You know, an enemy intends you harm ;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm : 180
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels ;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star dis-orb'd ?—Nay, if we talk of rea-
 son,

Let 'us shut our gates, and sleep : manhood and
 honour
 Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
 thoughts

With

With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost 190

The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd ?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will ;
It holds its estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,

As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry,

To make the service greater than the god :

And the will dotes, that is inclinable

To what infection itself affects,

Without some image of the affected merit. 200

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will ;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgment ; How may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected,

The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion

To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour :

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

When we have soil'd them ; nor the remainder
viands 210

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,

Because we now are full. It was thought meet,

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :

Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails ;

The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,

And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd,

And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held cap-
tive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning:

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl, 221

Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went

(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)

If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,

(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;

And do a deed that fortune never did, 230

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;

That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!

But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,

That in their country did them that disgrace,

We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans! 240

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand ; 250

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen, and a woe :

Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
No fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same ?

Troi. Why, brother Hector, 260

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it ;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as would offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain ! 271

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour?
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest 280
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it; 290
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw, 300
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said
 well;
 And on the cause and question now in hand

Have

Have glaz'd, but superficially ; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy : 310

The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong ; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners ; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,

Than wife is to the husband ? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection, 320
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same ;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd : Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong, 330
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still ;
For 'tis a cause that has no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design :

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
E iij I would

I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood 340
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours, 350
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
 I have a roisting challenge sent 'amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowzy spirits:
 I was advertis'd their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. ACHILLES' Tent. Enter THERSITES.

How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth
 of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus?
 —he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satis-
 faction! 'would it were otherwise, that I could
 beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn
 to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue
 of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles
 —a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these
 two

two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the boneache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

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Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter. Thyself upon thyself!—The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, saps—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shroded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

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Patr. What, art thou devout! wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord. 398

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself into my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell. 410

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal.

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool;—Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool. 420

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther.

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—
It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes
here? 429

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,
and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no-body:—
Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling,
and such knavery! all the argument is—a cuck-
old, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emu-
lous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the
dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and letchery
confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my
lord. 439

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so: lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick. 448

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart:
you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the
man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But, why,
why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my
lord. [*To* AGAMEMNON.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have
lost his argument. 459

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that
has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more
our wish than their faction: But it was a strong
composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly
may easily unite. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for
courtesy;

His legs are for necessity, not for flexure. 469

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call on him, he hopes it is no other,
But for your health and your digestion sake,
An after dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, Patroclus;——

We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehensions. 479

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his part beheld,
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

We

We come to speak to him : And you shall not sin,
 If you do say—we think him over-proud,
 And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
 Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than
 himself,

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ; 490
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 And under-write in an observing kind
 His humourous predominance ; yea, watch
 His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
 That if he over-hold his price so much,
 We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report——

Bring action hither, this cannot go to war : 500
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
 Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently.
 [Exit.

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.
 [Exit ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think, he
 thinks himself

better man than I ? 510

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say
 ——he is ?

Aga. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as
 valiant,

As

As wise, and no less noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your
virtues

The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself:
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his 520
Own chronicle; and whate'er praises itself
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the
engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself: Is
it not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose, 530
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only,

He makes important: Possest he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts, 540
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,

And

And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.——

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes, 550
When they go from Achilles! shall the proud
lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts—save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is, 560
By going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid!

And say in thunder—*Achilles go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he robs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this ap-
plause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him with my armed fist,
I'll pash him o'er the face. 570

Aga. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll phreeze his pride :

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow——

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable ?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood. 579

Aga. He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind——

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first. Shall pride carry it ?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm : force him with praises. [*Aside.*

Pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry. 589

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To AGAMEMNON.*

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man——But 'tis before his face :
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall paltar thus
with us!

Would he were a Trojan! 600

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of
sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor! and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight, 610

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days 619

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all this state of war;

F ij

Fresh

Serv.

Serv. You are in a state of grace!

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians? 20

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend.

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play? 30

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attribute?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed! 43

Enter PARIS, and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure,
F i fairly

fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen!
fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broken it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—
Nell, he is full of harmony. 54

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—
—My lord will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly. 63

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marr) thus, my lord.—My dear lord, add most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to; commends himself most affectionately to you. 70

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such

such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse. 81

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,-----

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups. 90

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide, come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?---Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen. 100

Helen. Why, this, is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three. 109

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so :

120

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe :

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still :

130

Oh! Oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! Oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

139

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are
vipers:

ripers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus. 149

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen—I long to hear how they sped to day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*Sound a retreat.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you 158

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sipews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

PANDARUS' Garden. Enter PANDARUS, and TROILUS' Man.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cresida's? 170

Serv. No, sir, he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks.

Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds 180

Propos'd for the deserver; O, gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cresid!

Pan. Walk here i'th orchard, I will bring her straight. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Troi. I am giddy, expectation whirls me round. The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense; What will it be, When that the watry palate tastes indeed

Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me; Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine, 190

Too suble-potent, tu'nd too sharp in sweetness, For the capacity of my ruder powers:

I fear

I fear it much ; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come
straight : you must be witty now. She does so
blush, and fetch her wind so short, as if she were
fray'd with a sprite : I'll fetch her. It is the
prettiest villain : she fetches her breath as short as
a new ta'en sparrow. [*Exit PANDARUS.*

Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my
bosom : 203

My heart beats quicker than a feverous pulse ;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush ?
Shame's a baby.—Here she is now : swear the
oath now to her, that you have sworn to me.—
What, are you gone again ? you must be watch'd
ere you be made tame, must you ? Come your
ways, come your ways ? an you draw backward,
we'll put you i' the files.—Why do you not speak
to her ?—Come draw this curtain, and let's see
your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to
offend day-light ! an 'twere dark, you'd close
sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the mistress.
Now now, a kiss in fee-farm ! build there, carpen-
ter ; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your
hearts

hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river; go to, go to

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

[Exit PANDARUS]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what make this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of Cherubims; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst oft cures the worst.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither!

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity

love

love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit. 255

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus. 271

Ré-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith. 280

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they belong ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I

can tell you ; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart :——

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many tedious months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win ?

Cre. Hard to seem won ; but I was won my lord, 290

With the first glance that ever——Pardon me ;—

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now ; but not, 'till now so much

But I might master it :——in faith, I lie ;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother : See, we fools !

Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not ;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man ; 300

Or, that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue ;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak

The thing I shail repent. See, see your silence

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel : Stop, my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet music issues
thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith. 309

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;

'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss :

I am sham'd ;—O, heavens ! what have I done ?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid ?

Pan.

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady ?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself. 320

Cre. Let me go and try :

I have a kind of self resides with you ;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone :——
Where is my wit ? I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft
than love ;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
Or else you love not ; for to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods
above. 331

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman
(As, if it can I will presume in you)

To feed for aye her lamp and flame of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,——
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love ; 341

How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O, virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most
right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their
rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare, 350
Want similies, truth tir'd with iteration,—

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth. 360

When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—
as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son; 370
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;
I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand;
here,

here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen. 381

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMED, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you, 390

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possest conveniencies,
To doubtful fortune; sequestering from me all

G iij

That

That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
 And here, to do you service, am become 400
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
 I do beseech you as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many registred in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan ? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, 410
 Whom Troy hath still deny'd : But this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage ; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him, 420
 And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
 Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge ; Ajax is ready.

Diom. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exit DIOMED and CALCHAS.*
Enter

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all, 430
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd
on him:

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and your pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord, and either greet him not, 442
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with
me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles? would he aught
with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the ge-
neral?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

450

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Mem.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha!

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay; and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they
not Achilles? 460

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man, 471
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those ho-
nours

That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess, 480

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find
out

Something

Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses ;
I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses ?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son ?

Achil. What are you reading ?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
As when his virtues shining upon others 492
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.—

The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To other's eyes : nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense), behold itself,
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form. 501
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is lord of any thing
(Though in and of him there is much consisting),
Till he communicate his parts to others : 510
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended ! which, like an arch,
reverberates

The

The voice again ; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what
things there are, 530

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow
An act that every chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O, heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do !

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness ! 530
To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it : for they pass by me,
As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look. What are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude : 540
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang

Quite

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; If you give way, 550
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er run and trampled on: Then what they do
in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'er top
yours:

For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek 562

Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—
That all, with one consent, praise new born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And shew to dust, that is a little gilt, 570
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-
 selves,

581

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical :
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

590

The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the
 gods,

Does thought unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to :
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy.
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;

601

And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;

And

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak:
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown 612
Is not not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's name,
Be shook to air. 620

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves;
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun. 630

Achil. Go call Thersites hither; sweet Patro-
clus

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat.

To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's
 * longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

640

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
 for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
 Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an he-
 roical cudgeling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a pea-
 cock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an
 hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to
 set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a po-
 litic regard, as who should say, there were wit in
 this head, and 'twould out; and so there is; but
 it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will
 not shew without knocking. The man's undone
 for ever; for if Hector break not his neck in the
 combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He
 knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and
 he replies, *Thanks Agamemnon*. What think
 you of this man, that takes me for the general?
 He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a mon-

ster.

ster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin. 663

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body: he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me; you shall see the pageant of Ajax. 670

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seventimes-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles. 680

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't? 690

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven
H ij o'clock

o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on. 703

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the most capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it. 709

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Troy. Enter at one Door ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a Torch; at another, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMED, &c. with Torches.

Paris.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow,
lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomede, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field. 11

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy. 20

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,

H iij

Welcome

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, 30
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow?

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other
worse.

Par. This is the most despicable gentle greet-
ing,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why,
I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 't was to bring
this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him
For the enfrèd Antenor, the fair Cressid: 40
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think
(Or rather call my thoughts a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy. 50

Par. There is no help;

The

The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell
me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike: 59

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soylure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors: 69
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me,
Paris—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins,
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffered death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, 80
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

But

But we in silence hold this virtue well,
 We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
 Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PANDARUS' House. *Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself, the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down ;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not ;

To bed, to bed : sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
 As infants' empty of all thought !

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me ?

Troi. O, Cressida ! but that the busy day,
 Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
 And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
 I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous
 wights she stays,
 As tediously as hell ; but flies the grasps of love,
 With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
 You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry; — you men will never tarry.

O foolish Cressida! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be
mocking: I shall have such a life—— 110

Pan. How, now, how, now? how go maiden-
heads? — Here, you maid! where's my cousin
Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking
uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? — let her say
what. What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll
ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others. 119

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch; a poor ca-
pocchia! — hast not slept to-night? would he not,
naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*One knocks.*]

Cre. Did not I tell you? — 'would he were
mock'd o' the head! ——

Who's that at the door? good uncle go and see.

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha!

Cre.

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—— 129

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;

[*Knock.*

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas! by my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here? 140

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;

It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you! 'tis more than I know,

I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then!

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:

Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither: Go. 150

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Troi. How now, what's the matter?

Æne.

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash : There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us ; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Troi. Is it concluded so ? 160

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy :
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me !—
I will go meet them : and, my lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance ; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord ; the secrets of
neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*]

Pan. Is 't possible ? no sooner got, but lost ?
The devil take Antenor ! the young prince will go
mad. A plague upon Antenor ! I would they
had broke 's neck ! 171

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cre. How now ? What is the matter ? Who
was here ?

Pan. Ah, ah !

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly ? where's
my lord ?—gone ?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter ?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as
I am above ?

Cre.

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter? 179

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death:—O, poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, weuch, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it. 190

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father: I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood. If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love 200 Is at the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to't.—I'll go in and weep.—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks; Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Before PANDARUS' House. Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS,
DIOMEDES, &c.*

Par. It is great morning ; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek,
Comes fast upon :—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do, 210
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk in to her house :
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently :
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar ; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit TROILUS.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love ;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help !—
Please you, walk in my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*An Apartment in PANDARUS' House. Enter PANDARUS,
and CRESSIDA.*

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate. 220

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation ?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it : How can I moderate it ?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,

The like allayment could I give my grief :
 My love admits no qualifying dross ;
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks ! 230

Cre. O, Troilus ! Troilus !

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me embrace too : *O, heart,*—as the goodly saying is,—
 ————*O, heart, O heavy heart,*

Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?
 where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
 By friendship, nor by speaking.* 238

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse ; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs ?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
 That the blest gods as angry with my fancy
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy ?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay ; 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy ?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too ? 250

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible ?

Troi. And suddenly ; where injury of chance
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents

Our

Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows,
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath :
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
 Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into loose adieu ;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark ! you are call'd : Some say, the
 Genius so 270

Cries, *Come !* to him that instantly must die.—
 Bid them patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind,
 Or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians ?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
 —When shall we see again ?

Troi. Hear me, my love : Be thou but true of
 heart——

Cre. I true ! how now ? what wicked deem is
 this ? 280

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 For it is parting from us :——

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee ;
 For I will throw my glove to death himself,
 That there's no maculation in thy heart :

i ij

But

But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation : be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to
 dangers
As infinite as imminent ! but, I'll be true. 290

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
 this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you ?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cre. O, heavens !—be true, again.

Troi. Hear why I speak it love : The Grecian
 youths

Are well compos'd, wift gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise ; 299
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me affeard.

Cre. O, heavens ! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg-
 nant : 310

But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb discursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will ?

Troi.

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency. 319

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Troi. Come, kiss ; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus !

Troi. Good brother, come you hither ;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true ?

Troi. Who, I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit 331
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, and DIOMED.

Welcome, sir Diomed ! here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you :
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand ;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion. 340

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects :
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

1 iij

Troi.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant. 350
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no. 361

Troi. Come, to the port—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shalt oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSID. Sound Trumpet.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field
with him.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AJAX arm'd, AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy;

Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air 380

May pierce the head of the great combatant,

And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek

Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day. 390

Aga. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on his toe; that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Aga. Is this the lady Cressida?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'T were better she were kiss'd in general. 400

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns! 409

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this,
mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady by your
leave.

Cre. In kissing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give.
Therefore no kiss. 420

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for
one.

Cre. You're an odd man; give even, or give
none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 't is true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

430

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 't is due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie, upon her!

439

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

All. The Trojan's trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

450

Enter HECTOR, ÆNEAS, TROILUS, &c. with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall
be done to him

That victory commands? or do you purpose,

A vic-

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
 By any voice or order of the field?
 Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
 A little proudly, and great deal misprising. 461
 The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
 What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er,
 know this;——

In the extremity of great and little,
 Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
 The one almost as infinite as all, 469
 The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
 And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
 This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;
 In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 'This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive
 you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Aga. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight;
 Stand by your Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
 Consent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it; either to the uttermost, 480
 Or else a breath; the combatants being kin,
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provoked, soon
calm'd: 488

His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribe,
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul, 500
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own?

Troi. Hector, thou spleep'st, awake thee!

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd:—there,
Ajax! [Trumpets cease.]

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases. 509

Hect.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :——
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;——
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
 That thou couldst say—*This hand is Grecian all*
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ! my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers ; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish mem-
 ber

Wherein my sword hath not impressure made
 Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :
 By him that thunders thou hast lusty arms :
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus.—
 Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a mau :
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
 (On whose bright crest, Fame with her loud's
 O yes,
 Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the
 sides,
 What further you will do.

Hect.

Hect. We'll answer it ; 540

The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success
(As seld I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish ; and great
Achilles

Doth long so see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me ;
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cou-
sin ; 550

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
name ;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks, 560

And formless ruin of oblivion ;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divin'd integrity,
From heart of every heart, great Hector, wel-
come.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamem-
non.

K

Aga.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to
you. [To TROILUS.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting ;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus. 570

Hect. O, you, my lord ? by Mars, his gauntlet,
thanks !

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath ;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove :
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir, she's a deadly
theme.

Hect. O pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee
oft

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth : and I have
seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, 580
Despising many forfeits and subduments,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the
air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;
That I have said to some my standers-by,

Lo, Jupiter is yonder dealing life !

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee
in,

Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,

I never saw till now : I knew thy grandsire, 590
And

And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee : Let an old man embrace thee ;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
time :

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in
contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy. 600

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha ! by this white beard, I'd fight with
thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would
ensue : 610

My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you.

There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all :

And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

620

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,
thou !—

Now Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

630

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on
thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me
o'er ;

But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eyes ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of
his body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, there, or
there ?

640

That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout

Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud
man !

To

To answer such a question : Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so, 650
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
well ;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
O, may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin :—
And you Achilles, let these threats alone, 660
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't :
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field ;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends. 670

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all your peers of Greece, go to my
tent ;

There in the full convive we : afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—

Beat loud the tambourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

Manent TROILUS and ULYSSES.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troi-
lus : 680

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence? 691

Troi. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their
scars,

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

ACHILLES' Tent. Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achilles.

ILL' heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?

Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for
thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment? 10

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's
wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity? and what need
these tricks!

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by
thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male
varlet. 18

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the
rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping,
ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, le-
thargies, cold, palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers,
wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume,
sciatica's, lime-kiln's i'the palm, incurable bone-
ache,

ache, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee? 30

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whore-son indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of slieve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; diminutive of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg! 40

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it;
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, to stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banquetting must all be spent.— 50
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly

goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother the bull—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shooting horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: To an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be a Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! spirits and fires!

72

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and DIOMED.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is.

There, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

80

Aga. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night to the 'Greeks' general.

Men.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught : Sweet, quotha ! sweet
sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once,
to those 90

That go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

[*Exeunt AGAM. and MENEL.*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent :

I'll keep you company.

[*To TROILUS.*

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me. 100

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses ; he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound ; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it ; it is prodigious, there will come some change ; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him : they

they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

CALCHAS' Tent. Enter DIOMED.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak. 115

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed——

Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them
THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us. 120

Enter CRESSIDA.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now my sweet guardian!—Hark,
A word with you. *[Whispers.]*

Troi. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man
May sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember! yes. 130

Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Troi.

Troi. What should she remember ?

Ulyss. List !

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery !

Dio. Nay then——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho ! pho ! come tell a pin : you are forsworn.——

Cre. In faith, I cannot : What would you have me do ? 140

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me ?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath ; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience !

Ulyss. How now, Trojan !

Cre. Diomed——

Dio. No, no, good night : I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness !

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince : let us depart, I pray you, 150

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ; The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you !

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off : You flow to great distraction : come, my lord.

Troi.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay. 160

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and by hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord ?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian—why, Greek ! 170

Dio. Pho, pho, adieu : you palter.

Cre. In faith I do not ; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something ; will you go ?

You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek !

Ulyss. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a word :

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience : stay a little while. 179

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rumps, and potatoe finger, tickles these together ! Fry, lechery, fry !

Dio. But will you, then ?

Cre. In faith, I will, la ; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, my lord ;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel : I am all patience.

190

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty !

Where is thy faith ?

Ulyss. My lord——

Troi. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve ; Behold it
well.—

He lov'd me—O, false wench !—Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was 't ;

Cre. It is no matter, now I have 't again. 200

I will not meet with you to-morrow night :

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me to-morrow.

Ther. Now she sharpens ; Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this ?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all you gods !—O pretty, pretty
pledge !

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 210

As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;

He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed ; faith
you shall not ;

I'll give you something else.

Dio.

Dio. I will have this ; whose was it ?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was ?

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you
will. 220

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on
thy horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ;—And
yet it is not ;

I will not keep my word. 230

Dio. Why then, farewell ;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go :—One cannot speak a
word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes
not you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come ? the hour ?

Cre. Ay, come :—O, Jove !

Do come :—I shall be plagu'd. 240

Dio. Farewell till then. [*Exit.*

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.

Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee ;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah ! poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind :
 What error leads, must err ; O then conclude,
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[Exit.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more, 249

Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then ?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.
 But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears ; 260
 As if those organs had deceptions functions,
 Created only to calumniate.
 Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine my lord : Cressid was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !
 Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage
 To stubborn critics——apt, without a theme 271
 For depravation—to square the general sex
 By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can
soil our mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own
eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she:

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the god's delight, 280

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. - O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt; this is, and is not Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides far wider than the sky and earth; 289

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates:

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd and
loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy re-
liques 299

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart,
Inflam'd with Venus ; never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek, As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed :
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm ;
Were it a casque compos'd by vulcan's skill, 310
My sword should bite it : not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false,
false !

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious. 320

Ulyss. O, contain yourself ;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my
lord :

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy ;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince : My courteous
lord, adieu :—

Farewell, revolted fair !—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head !

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks. 330

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed ! I would croak like a raven ; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore : the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still, wars and lechery ; nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them ! [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Palace of Troy. Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd, 340

To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you ; get you in : By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector ?

And. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent :

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dreamt 350
Of

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaugh-
ter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice. 359

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the
vow;

But vows, to every purpose, must not hold; 360
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-
day? 371

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy har-
ness, youth;

I am

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry :

Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave
boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in
you,

Which better fits a lion, than a man. 380

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus ? chide
me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians
fall,

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Troi. Fool's play by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now ? how now ?

Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother ;
And when we have our armours buckled on, 390
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords ;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie !

Troi. Hector, then 't is wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-
day.

Troi. Who should withhold me ?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars

Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, 399

Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears ;

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,

Oppos'd

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast;
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had vi-
sions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself 410
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the face of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith. 419
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O, Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious
girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector!

430

Look, how thou di'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!

Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!

How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,

Like witless anticks, one another meet,

And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O, Hector!

Troi. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewell. Yet soft:—Hector, I take my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. 440

[*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight:

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: The gods with safety stand about thee! [*Exit* PRIAM. *Alarms.*

Troi. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Troi. Let me read. 450

Pan. A whoreson phthisick, a whoreson rationally phthisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another,

another, that I shall leave you one o' these days;
And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an
ache in my bones, that, unless a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to think on't—What says she
there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*]
The effect doth operate another way.— 460
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change to-
gether.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey! ignomy and
shame,

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Camp. [*Alarum.*] Enter *Thersites*

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one an-
other; I'll go look on. That dissembling abomi-
nable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy
doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy
there in his helm: I would fain see them meet
that the same young Trojan ass, that loves the
whore there, might send that Greekish whore-
masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dis-
sembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand.
O' the other side, The policy of those craft-
swearin

swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry: They set me up in policy, that mungrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft; here comes sleeve, and t'other. 486

Enter DIOMED, and TROILUS.

Troi. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire:

I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:

Have at thee! [*They go off fighting.*]

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no;—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue. 499

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me! But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think,

think, they have swallow'd one another : I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *[Exit.*

SCENE V.

The same. Enter DIOMED, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse ;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :
Fellow commend my service to her beauty ; 509
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Aga. Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Magarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner ;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cediis : Polixenes is slain ;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain : and Palemedes 520
Sore hurt and bruis'd : the dreadful sagittary
Appals our numbers ; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles :
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—

There

There is a thousand Hectors in the field :
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work ! anon, he's there a foot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and
takes ; 533

Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he wills he does ; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, Princes ! great
Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons, 540
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd come
to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost his friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution ;

Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all. 549

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus ! thou coward Troilus ! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

m ij

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Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw togethef. [*Exeunt.*

m ij

Enter

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Another part of the field. Re-enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. Troilus, I say, where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him. 560

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have
my office,
Ere that correction: Troilus, I say! what, Troi-
lus!

Enter TROILUS.

Troi. O, traitor Diomed! turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Dio-
med.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi.

Troi. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—have at thee, Hector. 570

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*]

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
'Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well.
Would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too, 582
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
goodly mark;——
No? wilt thou not: I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it;—wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. Enter ACHILLES, with MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Come here about me, you, my Myrmi-
dons; 590

Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel :
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath ;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about ;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye :
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

The same. Enter THERSITES, MENELAUS, and PARIS.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold maker are
at it : Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo !
now my double-hen'd sparrow ! 'loo, Paris, 'loo !
The bull has the game :— 'ware horns, ho ! 601

[*Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too: I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard. 611

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Another part of the Field. Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good
 breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and
 death!

Enter ACHILLES and his MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to
 set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done. 620

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,
 Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man
 I seek. [*HECTOR falls.*]

So,

So, Ilium, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink down ;
 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
 On, Myrmidons ! and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.
 Hark a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
 the earth,
 And, stickler-like, the armies separates. 630
 My half-sup'd sword, that frankly would have
 fed,
 Pleas'd with this dainty-bit, thus goes to bed.—
 Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*
 [*Sound Retreat. Shout.*

SCENE X.

*The same. Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
 DIOMEDES, and the rest, marching.*

Aga. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles ! Achilles ! Hector's slain ! Achilles !

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be :
 Great Hector was as good a man as he. 640

Aga. March patiently along :—let one be sent,
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.

If

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Another part of the Field. Enter ÆNEAS and TROJANS.

Æne. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the
field :
Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All, Hector ?—the gods forbid !

Troi. He's dead : and at the murderer's horse's
tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
field— 650

Frown on, ye Heavens, effect your rage with
speed ;

Sit, gods, upon your thrones and smile at Troy !
I say at once ! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destruction on !

Æne. My lord, you do discomfit all the host.

Troi. You understand me not that tell me so :
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ? 660
Let him, that will a screech-owl-aye be call'd,
Go into Troy, and say there—Hector's dead :
There

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youths; and in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
 Hector is dead, there is no more to say.
 Stay yet;—you vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare, 670
 I'll through and through you!—And thou great
 siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.
 Strike a free march to Troy—with comfort go;
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS, &c.*

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear my lord; do you hear?

Troi. Hence, broker laquey! ignominy and
 shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit TROILUS.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!
 Oh, world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
 despis'd! 681

O, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set
 a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our
 endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so
 loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?

—let me see:—

Full merrily the humble bee doth sing,
 'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:

But

But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths. 691

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be
made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this——
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

THE END.





